ORGULA:

OR THE

FATALL ERROR.

A

TRAGEDY

Composed by

L. W.

WHEREUNTO,

Is Annexed a *Preface*, discovering the true Nature of *Poesie*, with the proper Use and Intention of such publique Divertisments.

Morum hominum Figura
Optima est eorum Instituendi Ratio.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. M.* for *Stephen* and *Thomas Lewis*, and are to be sold at their shop, at the signe of the *Book-binders* in *Shoo-lane*, 1658.

The Scene Segnsia.

An Antique name of a City and Province, on the East Gaule, *or* France.

Personæ Personatæ.

Sinevero, *Lord protector.*
Ludaster, *son to the deceast Generall* Castrophilus.
Ambigamor *friend to* Ludaster, *brother to* Orgula.
Filathes, *son to* Sinevero.
Gratianus, Libranus, Serverus. } *Faithfull Captains adhearing to* Ludaster
Fidelius, *Page to* Ludaster *in appearance, but* Fidelia *sister to* Fidelius *deceased, who was formerly* Ludasters *page.*
Mundolo, *a slave waiting on* Orgula.
Nefarius, *a servant waiting on* Sinevero.
Voracho, Spuratro, } *Two Theeves.* { *A band of Souldiers.* { *A band of Villains.*
2 Judges,
2 Advocates, *With other Court Officers.*
A Register.
A Serjeant at Arms, *with his assistants.*
A Citizen.
Eumena, *Princess under age.*
Orgula, *Sister to* Ambigamor, *married to* Sinevero.
Zizania *daughter to* Sinevero.
Vergona, Amasia, } *two waiting Women attending on* Orgula.
Women waiters on the Princess.

Personæ nominatæ.

Patravis, *the deceast Prince.*
Castrophilus, *the deceast Generall.*
Fidelius, *the deceast page to* Ludaster.

To the most accomplisht Lady,
the Lady FRANCES WILDEGOSS.

MADAM,

HAving long since renounced all sorts of civill homage, which either Custome hath blindly tenderd, or Arrogance insolently assumed, as the affected rights of Greatness, being but an ostentive Colosse, nor accessible nor communicable.

I now can figure to my thoughts no nobler Object of Respect than a clear, high and regular Intellect, whose Endowments may challenge a more Plausible and Legitimate Acquisition in such publique addresses of Honour, as may sometime reach to a more remote Posterity; in pursuit of which consequence, *Madam*, judging the Dignity of your Minde the most perfect Model of so equal a Designe, I have presumed (from the obscurity of many years) to tender this piece to your view. The nature whereof, though vilified with vulgar Obloquie (the unrestrained Fury of whose Ignorance, hath not of late left the most high and Sacred Mysteries unimpeachable) can gain no further access on your Inclinations, than what a clear and sollid Argument impartially may produce, which to unfold, it will be requisite to distinguish the *Nature*, and the *Use* of this our subject now in Agitation.

In Order to which, the *Nature* thereof is (without all opposition) *Poesie*. What that is, cannot in my Apprehension be more Elegantly and perspicu-

ouſly delineated than the agreable Philoſpher hath formed it in his convertible definition. *Poeſie is a ſpeaking Picture: A Picture is a dumb Poeſie.* From which Sence we may extract, that Poeſie only is an Art of lively repreſentation of bodies Natural, Simply, without referrence to other, or Compoſitively with circumſtance to their mutual communities, either Natural or Civil. Real in reſpect of their precedent, preſent, or future condition: or Imaginary in relation to their poſſibility. In the extent of which Expoſition ſome particulars may probably at firſt Appearance ſeem Dubious, ſome Erronious.

Dubious, As how it may fall within compaſs of humane capacity: to figure to anothers ſence what falls not under the dimenſion of our own; our purpoſe is not here to ſearch into the cauſes of ſo high an illumination, it is ſufficient proof to our Poſition, to affirm ſuch an inſpection evident in its Nature, as may be inſtanc'd from the ſacred Raptures of the Judahack-Prophets & the Gentique-Sybills, whomthough we ſeem improperly to include with the tractators of our *Subject*, inſpired by a nobler Object; yet in referrence to the Analogy of form in their Diſcourſes, preceding Ages have indifferently implied the intimation of their Nature under one and the ſame Denomination. *Vates*, To which uſage we have extended this our Expoſition.

*Prophets.

Erronious, In that the Fancie herein doth aſſume too vaſt a Libertie, to figure forms are viſibly to natural and to civil Rules inconſonant. As in referrence to the *Firſt*, Satyrs, Centaures, tranſmutation

of

of Forms and the like. In anſwer whereto although it be not difficult to prove, that ev'n herein the *Art* doth only Nature imitate, who oftentimes from the Inaptitude of matter doth err from her intention in the Form; and in her Miniſtry doth frequently produce a Prodegie. Yet theſe inventions may by mean capcities be diſtinguiſhed, to be bur Metaphors to a Moral ſence.

In relation to the *Second*, inſerting things *Prophane*, *Obſcene*, *Fabulous* and *Propoſterous*.

Prophane, As the figuration of their Gods inveſted with our humane Imperfections.

In reply whereto we may alleadge, that in reference to the Civil frame, intended are hereby, the Potentates of the earth, an alluſion may be produc'd from Sacred proofs to form it warrantable. In relation to the natural texture, are ſecretly herein involved Moral, Phiſical, or metaphiſical Myſteries, perhaps yet undiſcovered, which from the vulgar Eye ſhould be conceal'd, as the Adulterers of Philoſophy.

Obſcene, To clear which charge we might inferr, that if the indecen'ſt form hereof were figured, it rather would imply an imperfection in our civil Commerce than any Imputation to the Art, whoſe End is only to expoſe each Circumſtance and accident inherent to the ſubject, in their moſt proper and eſſential Colours, Beauties, or Deformities. Yet will we not ſo farre inſiſt on the ſtrict Rules of the Art, as not to impute ſuch indiſcretion to the Artiſts Errour. Who may if skilful, nay who ought (according to the true rules of his pattern, Nature) ſo gracefully to over ſhadow the leſs decent parts,

as might not raiſe a ſtrain on the moſt modeſt Cheek to view them publiquely.

Fabulous, This ſubject bears ſo little weight in an objection, that it might rather infer the ignorance of the Impeacher, than the Impoſture of the Artiſt. All ſorts of Arts having ſome ſecret Gloſs and reſervation of their myſteries, to ſupport their Honour and Advantage: This only and alone, pretending unto none declare things for ſuch as it delivers them, Fained or Eſſential, Imaginary or Hiſtorical; though in ſome textures of the latter kinde may poſſibly be interwoven certain enlargements and digreſſions (as graces but peculiar to the Art) not properly conſiſtant with the dignity, weight, uſe of ſuch a Subject, requireth ſimple Truth in every circumſtance. Yet ev'n herein a clear Intelligence will ſuddenly diſtinguiſh ſhadows by the poſition of the Natural light; like perfect ears in Muſick ſtill tain the Grounds, Orders, Times of every note, though the Muſitians hand, to grace his Harmony, caſt various flouriſhes on the ſuſpended Meaſures to lend more weight unto the uſage of invention in this rejected Art, we ſhall not need to inſtance the excellence of the nature thereof to Inſtruction, to which the choiceſt of eſſential ſimilitudes cannot exactly reach, wantig ſuch forms of circumſtances as might enlighten the intention of the Deliverer, reſtrained and obſcured in a real Narration. It may ſuffice to ſilence oppoſition, to alledge we find our moſt authentique precepts couched in ſuch forms of texture, as Allegories or Parables; a winning method to attract the groſſeſt tempers, and infix in All moſt durable impreſſions.

From

From the freedome of this latter objected ſubject, iſſues the objection of the laſt (*Prepoſterous*) in that it is ſuppos'd the unprescribed Fancy, having aſſumed a liberty to rove, will ſuddenly contract extravagant mixtures in her compoſitions, to form a Prodigie in the civill frame, as formerly in the natural. To this conjecture we may make reply: That no Abſurdity can be imagined ſo irregular, which may not meet a parralel in the occurrences of civil Actions. Be it, that we ſhould ſuppoſe the moſt evident Truth condemned for the groſſeſt Errour: That Wiſedom ſhould be confuted by Ignorance: Integrity ejected by Hypocriſie, Valour overcome by Lachety, Induſtry ſupplanted by Sloth, the Innocent ſuffer by the Criminal, Juſtice ſmothered by Iniquity, Love rewarded with Hate; which without further proof to verify, I only, *Madam*, will appeal to your own obſervation. If any ſhall aledge ſuch accidents to be but the effects of our corruption, which guids us ſtill to ſatisfie our ſence, rather than an inſenſable impropriety in a civill uſage, which the licentiouſneſs of the Art doth often figure; not to decline the ſmalleſt ſhadow of an objected ſcruple; we ſhall in ſome example deveſt the action of this pretended object, leaving the occurrence immaterial or void in any conſequence whatever. Can humane ſence reflect upon a more Prepoſterous tranſaction, than *That the Monarch of the world ſhould in the height of all his Glory, and in the Eye of all the world magnificently ſolemnize Nuptials with another Man; the moſt abject of his Domeſticks.* Yet ſuch a real precedent we may authenickly collect from the Records of *Nero's* Infamy.

Having

Having thus briefly (as the capacity of our Preface will give leave) diſcuſſed of the Nature of our *Subject*. Order requires that we ſhould next inſiſt upon the uſe *Thereof*: Whereon depends the real worth of every Piece, in Nature or in Art, which to purſue methodically, we ſhould in courſe unfold the ſeveral kinds thereof, in their particulars; as *Odes*, *Elegies*, *Epigrams*, and the like: But ſince the nature of our preſent ſubject may include them all, as ſeveral ſpecies under their proper gender, we only will adhere to agitate thereon, raiſing our introduction from the firſt view of the whole *Frame*, without diſtinction of the Parts thereof.

If intercourſe in civill commerce may conduce to form the Judgement, compoſe the mind, or rectify the manners (as none who hath receiv'd impreſſion thereof, can deny) no form of inſtitution humane reaſon can reflect upon, more ſuddenly and more perfectly can attain thereto, than can the well compoſed illuſtrations of a *Theater*. Where in few hours we may take full view of ſuch variety in circumſtance, as many Ages cannot repreſent; and from the conſequence of events collect ſuch rules, may guide our undertakings with ſucceſſe to their peculiar Objects. Whilſt being unintereſsed Spectators only, are to us diſtinguiſhed the ſecret ſource of each Tranſactors purpoſes, whoſe actions leave ſo ſenſible an impreſſion of their Character in our thoughts, that ſeldom in our own particular community we encounter ſuch an inclination, but that the prepoſſeſſion of their figure ſtreight illuminates our ſences to diſcloſe their Tract; whereby our Fortunes, Lives, Liberties and Fames, are timely oftentimes ſecur'd from ſecret Trains. To

To yeeld a true allay to the diſtempers of the Soul, no Art can form a fairer methode, than thus to repreſent the wilde diſtractions of her irregular motives, tranſported with licentious fury, to execute the giddy will, with violation to each ſtrict preſcription, Outrage to it ſelf, with the diſaſters frequently enſue ſo ſtubborn a revolt from that interior light, ſhould lend her dignity: if the deformity of the figure may reduce the minde to a more happy and decent Regulation of her faculties. To which pattern was among the *Spartans* introduced a cuſtom to inebriate their Slaves, they might expoſe their looſe Demeanors to their childrens view, that ſuch a loathſome ſpectacle might imprint a laſting Deteſtation of ſo bruitiſh a diſtemper.

Nor yet to regulate our manners can the moſt powerfull precepts form the Minde, ſo willingly ſuſceptible of her intended Object: If intimation of the glory and ſucceſſe of virtue may inflame the Soul to noble enterpriſes; or the Infamy and puniſhment of Vice, deterre from ſhamefull practiſes, which are the principall Objects, a well compiled Piece ſtill viſeth at: or, ſeldome in the moſt imperfect are omitted. Firſt, in regard the minde is here no way ſubordinate unto a more ſupream ſufficience than her own. Secondly, in that ſuch forms of Inſtitution do pretend unto no ſervile impoſitions, the moſt materiall impediments, why the authentick'ſt guides ſo ſeldome meet ſucceſſe in the Intention of their elaborate preſcriptions. Subjects of this nature propounding no other object, but delight, unto the Auditory, the ſenſuall minde

is easily inticed to view such spectacles, where left unto the freedome of her proper Inclination, she insensibly assumes a voluntary propension to those forms are represented in the fairest Characters, with an aversion to the impeachable.

These are the essentiall uses of our subject; nor yet are the Collaterall lesse materiall: as, The Community of a Prince unto his people (at whose peculiar charge were formerly erected such magnificent receipts for publique Spectacles, either to ingratiate himself with his subjects in a mutuall participation of delight, as an endearing entertainment from himself, or else to represent the object, by circumstance and issue of some eminent expedition, enterprise or treaty within his proper juriidiction, or with foreign States transacted by himself or substitutes, unto the illiterate and orebusied multitude: who usually want vacancy or capacity to peruse, conceive, or retain the sence thereof under the tedious, abstruse forms of publique manifests: which figured in such Interludes were even obvious, to their very children. A happy piece of policy to inform with delight the meanest member of the civill frame in what he is concerned. The means to our security becoming once to us a mysterie, may justly by us be suspected for disguised Furbery.

To this advantage herein doth succeed the benefit which ariseth from the Peoples intercourse with one another, not onely in the introduction and pursuit of Commerce or Affairs: but in the initiation and support of mutuall Amities, sprung frequently from civill and unsought abodes, and cherished with gracefull entertainments in Society,

which here not limited to particulars, may possibly be dispensed through the civill structure to the Composure of a generall Union, the strength and glory of a Commonwealth. From whence also ensues the requisite relaxation of Minde and Body, (o'reburdened with the travell of private or publique Negotiations) in a plausible divertisment, whereby become refresht, both may with fuller vigour and Alacrity, reassume the pursuit of their civill Functions.

Nor is the Action of a Theatre lesse usefull in the Education of our Youth (a frequent exercise in Forreign Seminaries, Societies and Schools, to inanimate their spirits, render them plyant and susceptible to every form, might either frame them more agreeable in their society, or more successefull in their private Commerce; as also, to lend a more assured gracefull unconstrain'd Demeanour to their persons and in such Habits, to indue them with undaunted Confidence, Facility, and readinesse to communicate in discourse the Image of their Thoughts to an attentive multitude, an acquisition of no little moment, in publique Consultations, Conferences and pleas: In managing whereof, who hath not gained this Dexterity, shall finde the weightiest Reasons in his Argument silenc'd, smotherd, o'resway'd by the lesse pertinent clamor of an insisting Impudence.

These are the generall *Objects*, which we but cursorarily have onely pointed at, omitting them to amplifie or illustrate with the Honour or Example of Antiquity, in due conformity to the quality of our Introduction, and the more clear inspe-

ction into the nature of our present Subject, which possibly might appear to rigid Tempers of far lesse validity, o're-shaddowed with such formalities, as if they were but artificiall Ornaments, no proper or essentiall lusters.

The particular Objects have a vaster influence, which (not to err from our prescription) we will contract to one united couplet to crown the closure of our Texture, affirming that *Poesie* invesheth vertues, Glory with Eternity on Earth: and inspiring life in Harmony, lends Zeal wings to scale the vault of Heaven. If this Essay may in your Honour, Madam, but pretend to the first branch hereof; my next Endeavour shall in your Piety attempt to reach the latter.

Madam,

Your humbly Devoted Servant

L. W.

Act I.

SCENE 1.

Sinetero.

SO! the world is calm, now buſie Action
Her Theater hath left, wrapt in the vaile
Of night, whoſe ſilent Iſſue hath, e're this,
The ſtupid Soul beguil'd with empty Hope,
While I do mine confirm, enlightned with
The watchfull flames of Love and Sov'ranty:
Whoſe active tempers ſtrugling to engroſs
My yeelding fancy ſoly to each other,
Fruſtrate, in their diviſion, the deſign
My ſuſpend Reſolution ſhould put on
To form and finiſh both their purpoſes.
Y' unruly Fires! who frame and guide the world!
Why thus diſagree your transferr'd beams in
Fraile humanity? If for the order,
Of your Miniſtry; pleade your preheminence!
Yet leaſt declining age in favour ſhould,

Seems trouble'd in his mind.

Pauſes.

Of thy concurrent over-partial prove,
Exalt thy lights, thou ſtill prevailing Love!
Raiſe here th' Exemplar of th' enſuing work,
To ſhew th' Incredulous how from crippled Time
Thou wilt extract the laſt Perfection:
And thou, the ſplendid glory of my Age!
To whoſe high neigb'ring Summet I am come
By ſecret paths; maintain thou ſtill thine own!
Thy gaudy train attracts the wanton Eye
Of woman more, than all the flouriſhing Grace
Of Youth. Fix here m' intentive thoughts your ſtrength,
And on the fabrick of Ambition
Frame Love a Temple; where if his Object may
No prove Loves pledge; ſhe may prove Honours Prey.
Caſts his eye on a Letter he held in his hand. First here's a ſwelling cloud muſt be remov'd,
Whoſe progreſs threatens to eclips your Lights.
Caſtrophilus Death is crown'd in victory,
Whoſe Glories, ſtill ſurviving, in his Sonn,
The People rule more powerfully than Law:
And by *Ambigamor* his friend pretends
To wed fair *Orgula*. So fooles conclude
E're they conſult thoſe powers do them preſide.
I am their Fate; 'tis fixt in my Decree,
In Love and Rule there muſt no Rival be.
Nefarius! —— How dull a thing is paſſive Man,
Whom ev'ry giddy vapour uncreates,
Fitteſt my uſe. 'Tis Pollicies defect,
T' imploy ſuch ſpirits may their wayes detect.
Ho! *Nefarius?*

Nefarius ent.

N. My Lord.
S. Holds *Caſtrophilus* Funeral Triumph this day
N. Such is the voice of Fame my Lord:
S. See that perform'd, as you finde order'd there.
Delivers him a Paper. *N.* I ſhall, with diligence equal to your truſt. *exeunt*

Act I. Scene 2.

The Princess Eumena *with* Zisania *and other waiters above at a window.*

Castrophilus *Funeral Triumph attended by* Ludaster, Ambigamor, Gratianus, Libranus, Serverus, Fidelius *and others.*

Eu. Is that *Ludaster* follows next the Hearse?
Zif. Madam it is: The Ornament of our Age:
Eu. Th' excellence of his Form and Grace compar'd
Unto his Fame, could hardly be mistook
By whom ne're seen; Both are so singular.
Zif. Hath not your Highness seen him formerly?
Eu. Not within bounds of perfect Memory.
Zif. So Time in me had slight Impressions rac'd, *To her self.*
Had not ev'n then, Love plac't his Figure here.
Lu. What silent Extasie hath seiz'd this place:
Can Joy nor Grief expresse a sense of Life?
Amb. Sure the security we bring hath rac't
The Mem'ry of Past, and fear of Future Ills,
And, now, as useless hath intomb'd them both
Without a monument, in Neglect and
Ingratitude.
Gra. Where are those glittering Pageants, who were wont
With fauning Ceremony to come and gaze
On her with wonder, they durst never seem
To court, but with a distance of reproach?
Is the Aborde of victory become
Less agreeable, exposing thus the path
That to her leads in this sad Testimony.
An Attend. Your faith in me, my Lords, may plead excuse
For them you seem to blame, when I shall shew
'Tis not their inclination doth restraine
The Peoples Hearts to publish their Respects,
But a severe injunction from the Lord
Protector.

Lu. My jealousie craves pardon,
Obedience is the ground of civil Rule,
Which, thus prevailing 'bove Affection,
Formes them both worthy and susceptible
Of their ensuing greatness.

Serjeant at Armes ent. meets the Hearse.

Ser. In our Dread Soveraigns name, authorized
By vertue of our Lord Protector's Order,
Castrophilus of the Segusian Force
Late General, I do Arrest for Treason.

Lu. With a more powerful guid possess me Heav'n!
Than what but meerly doth distinguish man
From Beast! I may restrain the wildness of
My Passion, which swells to a Distemper,
High as their Fury: Reason is too weak.
Or if not for our Safety, for your Truth,
Least vainly we conclude ye have forsook
Unguarded Innocence.

Draws his Sword.

Gra. Shall we have toyl'd his Honour to preserve
When yet alive, not vindicate his Fame
Now Dead?

Lu. This nor becomes your Duty, nor your Love;
Guilt puts on force: Vertue waves violence.
Our wrongs to the Prescription of the Laws
Must here give place.

Prin at a window.

Puts up his Sword.

Gra. It is the curse of Arms to raise a pow'r
In Form, must suppress theirs in Right:
Sr. my rudeness will be I hope excus'd
By my Integrity. Which would advise
To provide timely for security.
Indignities are offered to the Dead
Obliquely but reflect upon the Living.

To Lud: To the Pr.

Lu What mystery masks this disorder?

An Attend. The Princes Sr.

Lu. With a respect low as my obedience,
Madam, your vassal doth present your Grace,
From this sad Relique of Fidelity,
A Balsome to preserve your Beauty fresh

Against

Againſt th' aſſaults of Age; ſmoothing your thoughts
With ſoft tranquility; which elſe perhaps
The anxious burden of your State would with
Their churliſh Summons ſoon precipitate;
A work ſo laden with fertility,
The feeble ſtock ſunk under the ſupport,
Whoſe Monuments Epitaph him dignifies
Your Peace and Glories grateful ſacrifice.
Eu. How powerfully work the charms of Love. *To her ſelf.*
Ludaſter. Acceptance and Acknowledgement,
Too meanly ſpeak my Gratitude in thanks.
Maturity of time ſhall it inveſt
With fairer Ornaments. I' th' interim know
I muſt divide my Intereſts with yours,
And in th' exchange participate of both;
You of my Glory to moderate your Grief;
I of your Grief to moderate my Glory.
Whoſe price with a new Triall I'de redeem,
Though the Event were to be doubtfull made
By his declining from the Action.
But why, *Ludaſter*, this interruption
Of your Obſequies?
Lu. Madam, the wayes of miſchief are
Too crooked and obſcure for erect thoughts
To penetrate; and leaves who ſhould inform
Loſt in a ſilent Labyrinth of wonder.
Yet thus much doth th' Infancy diſcover;
Malice endeavours to ſtir up a cloud
Might ſmother vertues memory,
Seiſing the ſacred Aſhes of the Dead
For a pretended crime of Treaſon.
Eu. This ſubject might an anger have provok't,
Had not thy Fathers long approved Faith
Shook off the levity of this ground, with ſcorn
In every mans belief that hath but heard
The empty Accents of his name.
Lu. Yet bears the charge an appearance of Guilt,
Till by your Laws 'tis clear'd, for whoſe free courſe

I muſt appeal your Grace, the *Sanctuary*
Of Innocence.

Eu. Though my youths Immaturity as yet,
Suſpend me from th' advantage of my Birth:
I muſt procure, what Juſtice cann't deny,
To puniſh the ſuggeſtors of this infamy,
For which attend our Order

Lu. Your Highneſs Birth and Goodneſs doubly do
Intitle you to our Obedience. *Ex.*

Act I. Scene 3.

Scenetro.

'Tis wisdom's property to frame redreſs
To each repugnance of our doubtfull Fate,
We may evade her Lawes neceſſity,
And wreſt her Power to our purpoſes,
By the plurality of means we form
To guide us to our ends: To which effect
I muſt attempt to fortifie my Branch,
His tender youth may cheriſh and ſuſtain
Our fortunes flouriſhing fertilitie. *Filathes ent.*

Filat. *encounterd in a diſcontented poſture.*

Filathes! How! So full of thought, alone?
What noble ſubject entertains thy Soul
Can juſtifie ſo firm a ſolitude?
'Tis not the idle dreams of Schooles, take on
The ſpecious title of Philoſophy,
Can do't: Nor yet thoſe Gyves Morality
Hath forg'd to force the functions of the Soul
To Rule: As ſhe were to dimenſion
Subject. Eaſe hath thoſe uſeleſs trifles wrought
T' excuſe the ſloth of Natures vacant works,
She in the world ſuperfluouſly hath caſt:
Thy Birth and Fate call thee to greater things.

I am surpris'd. — Sr. if the Restriction *To himself.*
Of my thoughts hath figur'd to your sense
An unbecoming sadness; 'twas only
The care to be in Action responsive
To their Summons. I might be worthy held
Those happy Beings, I extract from You,
And your fair Industry. Which Intention
With success to make good; I must requeſt
The matter from your hand in some imploy,
On which I may a lasting glory raise.
My name may be no blemish to your story.

Si. The fervour of thy youth I like, but not
Approve; be wise, and vainly not pursue
The inessential appearance of things:
Tast of the fruit, and glut thee with the food
Of Greatness: Leave the Ayery Pompe to those
Who fondly toyl their servitude to frame.
Let my experience trace thee out a way
Securely leads to thy Felicity.
All those endowments grace thy youth, are wont
To make Loves pursuit happy in success:
Prove their attaints on this fair Object we
Intitle to our Soveraignty. Loves rules
Regard not Policies distinctions.
Be Bold, Attempt and Thrive.

Fi. How indiscreet a sence my secret flame *To himself.*
Would, unrestrained, to this purpose vent.

Nefarius enters.

Si. Nefarius! *Turns to Nefa.*
Filathes attend me on the Terrace. *exit Fila.*
And how *Nefarius*? did the Souldiers Plumes *Turns to Fila.*
Couch their exalted heads? who swell'd with rage?
And who, with a more suff'ring dislike shrunk
His intelligent shoulders? whose shaking head
His wary Reservation, next, implyed?
Who with erected or reverted eye,
Dispenc't the cautions of his Jealousie?
These Notions are of consequence, *Nefarius.*

Ne.

Ne. Your Honour ſhall know ev'ry circumſtance
In fitter time. The Princes, now at hand,
Expects your conference on this ſubject:
Si. How comes it to her ear ſo ſuddenly.
Ne. To the proceeding ſhe a witneſſe was.
Si. My Order then was not obſerv'd with care,
Which charg'd you to divert her by ſome ſlight.
Ne. Such motives, often preſt, were oft repulſt. *Ex. Ne.*
Si. Return, I come, who would unblamed ſtrike,
Muſt what he ſeems to do, not ſeem to like. *Ex. Si.*

Act I. Scene 4.

Libranus Serverus.

Lib. Sad! *Serverus*? Dejection ill becomes
The Demeanour of a Souldier.
Ser. Not ſo *Libranus*,
When fram'd o'th uſeles ſenſe of others wrongs:
True valors object ſolely ſeated is
On others Intereſts, to which unblemiſht ſhe
Yeelds up her ſelf, though not unto our own.
Lib. But thus oppreſt, is to betray our cauſe
To an ill Omen; we immov'd have ſtood
The Chance of war; and far more firmly ſhould
Expect faire vertues Triall.
Ser. The Chance of War
Leſſe fatall is to Arms, than ſlights of Peace,
Where'n, our open plainneſſe doth expoſe
Our careleſſe lives to ev'ry Artifice
Of cloſe Supercherie. But ſee they come,
Lets wait the Iſſue.

In great ſolemnity the Judge with the Court of Juſtice, Officers goes before the Hearſe, whom Nefarius *buſily entertains, as alſo two Advocates, the one as Plaintiffe being Atturney Generall for the State, the other as Defendant for* Caſtrophilus. *Next the Hearſe,* Ludaſter, Ambigamor, Gratianus, Fidelius *and others.*

Lib.

Lib Hah! ſo buſie in obſequiouſneſſe?
Open Corruption unſuſpected ſlides
Into the hearts of Men, under the form
Of Ceremony: So Cuſtome gelds the Law.
Ser. Thou err'ſt *Libranus*, in that thou think'ſt not
The Introduction more material.
Judge Exhibit the Charge.
Reg. Caſtrophilus of the Seguſian Force
Late General, refuſed his Commiſſion
To yeeld up to our Protectors Order,
By which inhibited to fight, provokt
The Enemy to unſought Encounter,
To th'hazard of the State.
Att. Gen. Crimes, in their nature clear
Require no further Senſe to give them weight;
On ſuch t' enlarge with Circumſtance or Art
Were not t'enlighten, but to aggravate:
In which ſuggeſtion, Juſtice, weakly fenc't,
Might be too ſoon ſurpris'd with appearance.
Which to avoid; my Honourable Lords,
I ſhall with Artleſs brevity relate
Th' inormity of the Offence, expoſed
To your Judgements.
Firſt, to your conſiderations I preſent
Th' Indignity to our Soveraignes Subſtitute,
In contempt of his Order, whoſe only will
Bore weight enough to lend it conſequence.
Had not th' obſcured Glory of that State,
To whom our better Fate hath joyned ours,
(Ev'n in her fulleſt pride) by her example
(Effectual as her transferr'd Laws) preſcib'd
A certain Courſe to our ſecurity
From her ſuff'rings, in continuation
Of her Offices. Which dangerous ſtep
To Ambition, her firſt Innovator,
Ceſar, in his own perſonal practice found,
And remedied, at his return to Rome,
Perfixing tearms unto the Prætorie

The Judges ſet.

The Court Regiſter reads.

And Consulate. This onely for the ground
Of the Injunction, which followed
With disobedience, the overthrow
Of government: intrudes a president
(The supplement to all defective Laws)
From our preceding Pattern;
Who sentenc'd to be whipt his Ingenier,
For that he rather chose to fail this Rule
Of Rule; then that Rule of his Art, which held
A known repugnance to his Masters will:
To which ensues, yet a more weighty crime,
The hazard of our Liberties and Lives
Rashly thrust on one moments doubtfull trial,
In opposition to Authority.
Changes in States, 'specially succeeded
By minoritie, are held no seasons fit
To tempt th' incertitude of Arms: wherein
Faults irrepairable are seldome twice
Committed: whose issues, though successful, when
Inhibited that Romans censure merrit;
Which to his son triumphs applause denies,
And crown'd the victor but for Sacrifice.

Ad. De. My honoured Lords,
In *Decimo Sexto Patrævis.*

Lud. Forbear vain babler, — *Lu. puts the*
Sullie not a Cause with thy impertinence — *Ad. by with his hand from*
Needs no defence from mercinary form; — *the Bar.*
Her purity to blemish were a Cryme,
Great as the Charge suggest's, — How suddenly — *Pause.*
Incensed wrongs become licentious:
Against the Order of the Court, I fear,
I do transgresse; thus rudely to assume
A Liberty; but by your grace allow'd,

Ju. Proceed. — *Bows to the Judge*

Lu. T' omit the ground pretended to revoke,
The progresse of our Arms, though in it self
Disputable: since he but once remov'd
Successor to the President alledg'd,

More

More ſubtle far than he, it practiſed
With ſucceſs, as the immediate means
T'eſtabliſh his ſecurity. But this,
With common Preſervation ballanced,
Will eaſily, with your aſſent, admit
A contradiction in the conſequence.
And though the works neceſſity appear,
Not to each vulgar eye, Experience
And Obſervance, hath confirm'd the Maſter
Of the Myſtrie therein, for whoſe account
He onely is reſponſible to heav'n.
The Function of General, ſolely being
To ſoveraignty inherent; whoſe preſence
Heretofore author is'd all proceeding,
Till a corrupter Age, through eaſe and lux,
Induc't a ſubſtitute, who ſtill retains
Th'eſſentiall marks of his Original;
Exacts the Rites of National Laws abroad;
Supports the courſe of civill laws at home;
And with his moving Commonwealth tranſports
A Law peculiar to his Miniſtrie:
Which he reforms, or abrogates at Will;
Diſpenſeth Honour, from his proper ſource;
Divides the ſpoyle as freely as his own.
Nor can the nature of his Action
Agree with order, limit; or reſtaint;
Which Subject are, to method time and place,
From whoſe varying occurrents he by eye
Takes new advice, to guide his purpoſes.
Whence expeditions of this qualitie,
Prove ſeldome happy but in ſilence ſeal'd.
Nor can th'objected Preſidents be of force
Inferring only, how far this pow'r, now
In queſtion, extends it ſelf o're others,
Not how far others power over it.
Which may in fairer evidence appear,
To juſtifie our Cauſe (if preſidents
Be received) when you ſhall recollect,

How *Fabius* first the Cimmian Mountains past.
Divide the Roman from the Thoscan Coast,
Without the Senates consent or advice,
From whom their Tribunes and their Deputies
Beeing sent with strict Defence to stop his course,
He not desisted from his enterprise,
Which happily he finished, without
A farther Contestation.

Judg stands up. *Ju.* Whereas the littr'al sence of Laws do not
Exactly touch the Nature of th' offence;
We may from Presidents receive advice;
But yet no Rule, in that the circumstance
Of their depending Causes are to us
Not published. In which Case, our recourse
Must to the light of Nature be; Reason,
Laws Principal; who from her self should erre,
Should she great Crimes neglect, & yet the small
Suppresse; for in her silence so she should,
Were not great crimes forbidden in the less.
Which, cautious, she forbore to specifie,
Seing mans froward frailty still did take
New violence from restraint: Jelous't awake
His faculty, in her invention.
Such is the subject now in difference,
Our Laws i'th letter not precisely mark,
But from the Relative and Comparative sence
We may disclose the full necessity
Of her Intention in the consequence.
Which cannot be the Branches to preserve,
And leave the Root affords them nourishment:
Which here the Person, and his Act transgrest,
Do truly represent: For of what use
Are Magistrates, their Head being disobeyed,
Or in their mouths the Laws, if who them fram'd
May in their own Injunctions be gainsayd
With impunity. Yet farther th' offence
In the dependance doth extend it self:
Exposing the security of the State,

Without

Without neceſſity, to a doubtfull chance;
Which in well-govern'd Common-wealths are ſhunn'd
To 'th laſt extremity: And then not paſt,
Without a gen'ral Conſultation,
Whoſe adviſe ſlighted or contraried,
In ſuch important actions, doth deſerve
(What e're the iſſue be) the puniſhment
Of high Treaſon, Whereof I do pronounce
Caſtrophilus guilty. Yet leaſt the rigour
O'th Law ſhould ſeem in vengeance to delight,
Who ſtrikes but by example to correct;
His body fre'd from our community,
We undiſturbed leave to Funeral Rites;
But what of him remains with us muſt ſuffer:
His Honours are in degradation loſt,
His goods to'th publique Treaſure forfeited.
His Son and Allies judg'd to Baniſhment,
Not as Complices to the preſent Crime,
But as to further Crimes prevention.
Diſſolve the Court. *Exit Judg. and their Attend.*

The Souldiers ſeem to weep.

Lud. How ſoon affection doth communicate
To others ſufferings. Thus feeble ſorrow
Doth un-man the ſoul. Why thus dejected?
Do you vainly think, that valour only
Is the practice of the field? The Subject
Of your diſpleaſures is impaſſible;
Or if in being ſtill, he would again
His innocent life, with cheerfulneſſe, yeeld up,
In favour of the courſe of Juſtice,
Without a ſecret murmur.

Gra. His vertue of too frequent uſage was
Amongſt us all, to doubt the excellence,
Whoſe glorious Mem'ry our Ages malice
May vail awhile, but can extinguiſh never.
This, nor the ſcandal to our Induſtry,
As ſubſequent to His; moves an exceſs
In our juſt ſufferings, though either may,
Without Reproach, a juſt reſentment challenge.

But the expanſion of his worth cut off,
From us and Action, in your weightier wrongs.
Lud. Their relation to you, but make them ſuch *Seems*
To me. Th' effects of love more ſtrongly move *to yeeld*
Than of Enmity. *to paſſion.*
Lib. Or ſwords are the beſt ſpeakers of our loves
And wrongs; whoſe uſe, each man that hath a ſenſe
Of vertue, muſt, without reſerve, yeeld up
To the defence of yours.
Lud. Reſerve your valours for a worthier cauſe,
Your Intereſts and the States muſt never be
Oppos'd by mine. My friendſhip never was
S'indiſcreet, to prejudice the Owner,
Nor my Faith my Country.
Amb. Come; I have ſalve for all thy ſufferings, *Embraces*
Whoſe ſplendour ſhall through theſe diſorders move *Lud.*
True ſatisfaction from the ſphear of Love.

Act 1. Scene 4.

Orgula, Vergena, Amaſia.
One with a Cabinet of Jewels,
another a looking-glaſs.

Or. So! now the diſtance of your ſervitude
Suſpend a while. And to be free as thought;
Say, whoſe beauty holds the loudeſt Tennor
In the voice of Fame?
Ver. Madam! the queſtion in it ſelf implies
More than the Reſolution can admit;
Propenſion in the quality. To diſpute
The preheminence of your beauty; is to raiſe
A doubtfull concurrent to its glory,
And make th' excellence of anothers form,
More conſiderable i'th' compariſon,
Than in their own perfection.
Or. This to *Eumena* were but paſſible:
Obſequiouſnes the true attendant is
Of Greatneſs.

Under

Amb. Under your Honours favour, the Homage
Of beauty far more universal is,
Than that of Majestie: by so much ods,
As natures bounds doth Policies extend.
And if th'excesse of praise, from servile thoughts,
Be licenc'd, as the badge of Soveraginty,
Although conducing but to its reproach:
The ornaments of our Expressions
(From a delightfull Rapture issuing)
May be authoriz'd as the grace of love,
Which tendeth but t'exalt the lustre of
His object.

Or. From whence I may collect, you would Infer
My beauty must receive addition
From your flatteries.

Am. Pardon me,
Madam, not so; perfection doth admit
No alt'ration; increase, implies defect.
But yet the satisfaction which doth spring
From the applause we give, may animate
The hidden sources of its influence
Which reflects on us.

Or. My Faith is not so powerfull to make use
Of this conclusion to the advantage
Of mine.

Amb. It moves not in his proper Element
From the equality of Sex: But when
By your pretenders it is published,
Th'effects will be more sensible.

Or. Well!
Not to resist the nature of our Sex,
Who soonest credit, what we covet most.
Agreement shall this controversie close;
And move another from your last evasion.
Distinguish the pretenders you propound,
And presse th'advantage you conceive they held
Over each other to make good their ends.

Amb. Madam,

Amongst the number of your unsought spoiles,
Two only are considerable. The one
With Wealth and Power fully dignified,
(Two strong motives to a womans Temper.)
The other with Vertue and true Valour
As amply qualified: Which with the former
Paralel'd, doth no proportion hold
In their true values, to dispute their worths.
Divest but the Coloss of Wealth and Power
From their ostentive Bulks and limit them
To their peculiar use, they will appear
But Ministers to Necessity and Right,
Whose functions, bounteous nature, & good men
Make useless. If as they are in common
Usage taken, they will be found but aids
To Wantonness and Oppression. Whose yoke
They doubly suffer, that to them submit;
Of Greatness ev'n the endearments are but
Insulting suffrages. While Vertue doth
Erect a Bower, Love in Repose to Throne
And Valour from licentious tongues protects
Our Fame.

Ver. A meer Platonick Rapture, Madam,
Deduc't from the first Infancy of Time,
When Innocent man yet hardly knew the use
Of his own natural faculties.
Vertue is but the Fable now of Schooles;
Nor Valour but the hardinesse of Fooles;
Whose ends should be from evill us to free,
Not with neglect to tempt them to our ruine,
'Gainst which they potent safeguards are, the slights
In the comparison. And most of all
To us important. For the Soul ev'n from
The nature of her first extraction, holds
A strong desire of Rule. From which our Sex,
Excluded in the Politick Body, gains
In the Natural, by the advantage
Of our Beauty. Whose vigour were more pow'rful

And

And legitimate, I will grant, then that
Of violence: ſince to us Inclination
Rendreth our Subjection voluntary.
And farther ſuccour we ſhould never want
Our Empire to confirm, did not the Rites
Of time too ſuddenly prevaile againſt,
The Rites of our Prerogative; whoſe Pow'r
To fruſtrate, leaſt it ours ſupplant, to it
We timely muſt a counter-party raiſe
(While yet we have the means it to procure)
May our failing Authority ſupport.
Which to us more aſſured cannot be
Than to acquire an opulent Dignity.

Or. A pretty ſlight to free us fromth' contempt
Of Age, whoſe unwelcome approaches make
Our beeings uſeleſſe, oft ridiculous.

Mundola with *Ambigamor* and *Ludaſter* Enters.

Mun. Madam, Your Honours Brother.

Amb. Siſter, *Salute*
I joy to finde the Meſſenger of fame,
Though glorious, yet too mean a Speaker
Of thy Form: It meets the expectation
Here at the full, Her flatteries elſe where,
Leave void, ev'n in the firſt examination,
And yeelds an evidence of thy modeſty,
More powerfull, than are thoſe Virgin ſtains
Revert the Guilt upon the looſe Attempter:
In that we may from thence conclude, thy care
Nor ſtudied was, nor vain, too laviſhly
Thoſe Graces to communicate to each
Laſcivious ſenſe, with Arts affetterie
Which bear the Figure of Divinity.

Or. Brother,
Thoſe attributes you give, if plac't in me,
Have found a happy way to pleaſe th' Owner,
If you in them be ſatisfied.

Amb. I am, and ſhall more perfectly, when they
Are placed here. *Amb.* preſents to *Or. Ludaſter.*

My thoughts can to themſelves propound
No ſafer guides, than your Intenſions.
Lud Madam, they are not fair to you in this,
I muſt be, though to my own affliction,
Their dilatour. Since they can onely make
M'happy, but with the brand of treachery,
T'would, in each vulgar eye, too ill become
The Honour of our friendſhip, to betray
The Myracle of Nature to th' poſſeſſion
Of a thing ſo mean, it wants a ſenſe
To ſignifie its being: Man; is too high
A dignity to qualifie my eſſence;
To him inherent are Habitations,
Diſtinctions, poſſeſſions, in all which, I
Can no way find, the ſmaleſt Property
Beaſt; though th'unruly motions of my thoughts
Approach their Nature, have a happier ſenſe,
For of them all they know no difference.
Amb. Forbear you wrong our amitie;
Our beings individual are.
Or. Sir,
Whence this diſtemper, flows, I cannot gueſs;
But far unſutable, I'm ſure, it is *To Lu.*
The Character both good and knowing men
Deliver of you. Man without reproach
Can ſafely ſpeak himſelf in no extream.
Amb. Thy innocence frees thee fro'th ſuſpect of guilt;
Thou would'ſt not elſe ſuppoſe vertue could be
Without Oppreſſion: *Orgulea*, I more
Plain muſt be with thee; In my long abſence,
My thoughts inceſſantly have toyled more
Under the anxious burden of my care
To ſee that beauty in an happy Porte,
Then t' acquire the glory of a Souldier.
M'Eye hath been nice, as wantonneſſe of youth;
My judgement wary, as jealouſie of Age,
In ſearch of Him, might my endeavours crown.
Which that a happy period might enſue,

When

When ſound, I in my letters figured
Him to thee, as Fancy would a Fable,
Yet ſwerv'd not from the truth, I might not lead
But mark thy inclination out, the which
Thy Love in thy obedience had giv'n ore
To mine: veiw here the true originall.
From whom, malice her ſelf can naught detract,
Though ſhe his Honours and Poſſeſſions hath,
Cut off from him, & whats worſe, him from us.
Or. Your reſolutions do beget new doubts.
Amb. Hath not the rumour of our ſufferings
Preceeded us? Miſchief is conſcious
When ſhe dares but whiſper. Why? *Orgeula*,
Our glorious victory is, by the Law,
To Him we ow for it, imputed Treaſon;
And as ſuch puniſhed in Him and His.
Or. It can not be,
You would but ſport with my credulity.
Amb. I'm ſerious; on my integrity.
Or. You'de aſtoniſh me.
Amb. Shake of thy trouble and thy doubts; we will
Seek out a clime, where goodneſs ſhall live free
From Injury.
Or. Women Travellers are held no members fit
For new diſcoveries; as I conceive,
The title of a Lady errant will
Unto our Honours no addition be.
Amb. But that of Pilgrim doth grace Piety.
Or. The Zeal
Of my Devotion not ſo fervent is.
Amb. Thy words do into errour prompt my ſenſe,
Yet fain I would miſtake, explain thy ſelf;
Let vertue be thy guide.
Or. Our lives have other props then ſpeculat'on
Amb. Reflect not o'th breaches of His fortunes,
They are made good in mine.
Or. 'Twill but ill become your fathers daughter
To be ſaid your Pentionarie.

Amb. Haſt thou thy appearance ſo ſuddenly
Caſt off? Awake, and reaſſume thy Temper.
Or. Did the Conjecture of my worth extend
But to your bare Eſteem, it would have taught
Simplicity, ſo far to prize it ſelf,
As to preſerve the Rites of Woman-hood.
We women are not wonn with the Reports
Of glory: Our acceſſes have degrees.
Why? Had you met my wiſhes in your choice,
He muſt, with the obſervance of a ſlave,
Have ages waited but for my Admittance,
Have kiſt my Hand, he muſt have thrice redeemed
With hazzard of his life, my fame; not from
Reproach alone, but from Preheminence.
Facility is beauties Infamy.
Amb. Nay, then I, muſt conclude, that Beauty is
From Heav'n amongſt us onely caſt, as a
Miſplaced light, but to ſeduce the world.
Lu. Madam!
Disfigure not that Character you bear;
O're Mis'ry to inſult, thoſe graces will
Deveſt of their Divinity: and leave
Them ſmothered in a cloud of Horrour.
I do not come to violate the Rites
Of Love; But thoſe of Friendſhip to preſerve,
Which tendered; I take my leave.
Amb. Farewell thou Maquery of Nature. *Ex Lu. Amb.*
Ver. Theſe Souldiers have not learnt the patience yet
T' attend the iſſue of a Seige, I ſee.
They are ſo hot on the Encounter.
Am. Their mouths in War are ſo full of Command,
They cannot ſtoop to other tearms in Peace.
Mu. Madam! *Mundolo Enter*
The Lord Protector's newly entered.
Or. Give your attendance. *Sinevero Enter*
Sin. Alone? Madam?
Where are the fluent Concourſe of our youth,
Should with inſpired zeal exa't their vowes

To

To your Divinity? are they from this
Sequeſtred, in that they have of it
A Prophanation made to meaner Deities?
Or of thoſe Charming Graces do thou thus
Into their center recontract their force?
They may with greater violence effuſe
Their light, by this ſought Intermiſſion,
And ſo each time they are diſclos'd, paſſes
The world with a new Miracle? Madam,
Affect a meaner way to propagate
The glory of your beauty: t'will involve
The world with leſſe amazment, but with more
Delight: which fully to beget, there muſt
Be more equality betwixt th' Object
And the Faculty.

Or. Y'ave taught me Sir, a pretty Art, in your
Reproof, to fill that diſproportion
In my own defects:

Sin. Madam!
The Splendour of your Arms ſubdues,
You need not ad their force: yet you my words
To their contrary Senſe do thus invert:
Whoſe truth to juſtifie; witneſs all eyes,
Save ſuch as ſhame and envy do corrupt;
Your own Glaſſe, and my Captivity.

Or. Your Captivity!
Sure the preſcriptions have a large extent.

Sin. That, Madam, I muſt learn of your conſent — *Offers to kiſs her.*

Or. How, Sir, forbear; y'ave learnt the myſtery — *ſhe puts him by*
Of equivokes, I ſee; yet you miſtake
This freedome marks not my intention;
But that which gives you licenſe to be gone. — *Ver. is ſtaid by* Sin. *who gives her a Ring.*

Sin. Her wit yet adds a luſtre to her form: — *Or. & Amb. Ex*
This Ring to help me to another view
Of your fair Lady.

Ver. As fit as it were made for me, in truth.
Sir, I accept your proffer, yet muſt doubt
You buy your Pennance at too dear a rate.

I will attempt if you dare undertake.
Sin. Fear not; the danger of her eyes (If I
In vain muſt burn) is but Loves Sacrifice.
Ver. Haſt to the farther Galery,
I'le lead her that way to her Chamber. *Ex. ſundry wayes.*

Act I. Scene 4.

Lizania.

The Conflict of my minde devides it ſelf,
Yet in Loves favour muſt ſuſpend Loves Rite;
The troubles of his hazzard whom I love,
Oppreſs my thoughts more than my love's ſucceſſe;
Which yet ſo doubtfull is, I cannot ſay,
When he ſhall know it, doth my paſſion ſway.
Wayt. Madam, the Lord *A Wayt. Ent.*
Ambigamor deſires your Conference.
Liz. Attend him hither.
How unwelcome are to us the Summons
Of miſplac't affection; when as our thoughts
T'other Object are equally engag'd.
Th'exceſs of Love, when it not ours meets,
Affliƈts as doth the want of what we ſeek.
Yet I perhaps of him may ſomewhat learn
To pacifie my apprehenſion.

The Wayter after ſome intermiſſion conducts him in and returns. *Ambigamor Ent.*
Amb. As day ſprings from the boſome of the night,
With comfort, to the wandring traveller.
So from my abſence flows to me this light,
Whoſe fair Idea hath unblemiſht here
Been kept alive in that obſcurity,
By the refulgence of the flames of Love,
That to you Madam, now do come to prove,
Which is more fatall, Contention or Love.

Liz.

Liz. 'Tis well y'ave ſcap'd the greatſt hazard, Sir,
The force of Love was never mortal thought,
To ſuch eſpecially, whoſe heart diverts
The violence in a diviſion
Of his ſtrength, 'twixt a Miſtreſs and a Friend.
Amb. The Paſſion for my friend ſerves but to form
A fit receptacle to inſtall my Love,
Whoſe Rites (though it your cenſure ſhould confirm)
Muſt ſomwhats intermit in favour of
His Intereſts; which yet may happy prove
If you vouchſafe to be their Advocate.
Liz. As how, I pray?
Amb. Madam, the rigour of the Law this night
Expels *Ludaſter* forth his Country's bounds, *She ſeems troubled.*
Unleſs you by our Soveraigns means procure
His Reaple, This ſilence, Madam, ſpeaks
Your trouble more than your conſent.
Liz. The cauſe of vertue ſhould univerſal be
In well affected minds; and ſure in mine
Not with ſuch ſenſe receiv'd might queſtion
My Agreement to the ſuccour, to which
I will addreſſe my ſelf forthwith, and e're
The Evening cloſe inform you the ſucceſſe.
Amb. I wiſh the glory of your undertaking
May not reſt onely in your fair intention.
(Though there enough to dignifie th' Action)
But in a happy iſſue, to the world
Divulge the Honour of our ſafety, yours.
And prove to my enſuing Purpoſes
A happy Omen.
Liz. *going out enconnter* Eu. *troubled in thought.*
Eu. *ſeems not to minde her a while, at length collects her ſelf.*
Liz. So full of thought; what means this ſudden change?
Maddam, how buſie is her fancy? Madam. *Eumia ent.*
Eu. Lizania, my courſe was in thy ſearch.
Liz. Your ſenſes then held no intelligence
With your Reaſon, Madam.

En.

Eu. Why? *Lizania.*
T'was enforced to awake the one
To lend the other Faculty.
Eu. My thoughts have, since thy absence, strangely wrought
Pause On — I know not, what unform'd purposes.
Liz. Under your Highnesse favour, this is but
The last dimension to the Appearance;
The growth is of a longer Beeing; I
Have watch't to the progression the degrees.
Your speech abruptly intermits and flows:
The Offices of Night and Day in you
So strangely intermixed are of late,
I know not when you slumber, when you wake.
Pardon my Curiosity, if it
Too nighly hath approacht your Privacy.
The freedome formerly you used me to
Hath been in fault; which never did admit
A secret so long hid.
Eu. Alas! *Lizania*, 'tis yet such to me,
I am not well acquainted with my own
Distempers; which insensibly, I finde,
Do grow upon my yeelding Nature.
Liz. My own sufferings are my best informers,
To her self Madam, if I might have the liberty,
To judge, I truly should affirm it Love.
Witnesse the rising tincture on your cheek,
Which masks it self in guilt, unwittingly
To have disclos'd more than I should have known.
Eu. Thy rashnes hath a bolder title given
To my Passion, than yet my Virgin thoughts
Durst to themselves avouch: which now become
More hardy are by their discovery.
And press to move thy succour and advice.
Liz. Your Power over mine may challenge both,
Which in the int'rim, I must intercede
For the Protection of the innocent:
Then waite th' enlightning of your purposes
Eu. Alas! mine fails me in my own Interests.

Yet

Yet ſhall not that form an excuſe to thee,
Might figure a denial: whoſe is the Cauſe?
Liz. *Ludaſter's* Exile moves for Reaple.
Eu. The firſt report thereof was thereto my
Direction: which to thy Father often
I in vain have preſt, whereto ſtill h' objects,
I know not what, hid myſteries of State.
Not knowing that on his depends my Fate.
Eu. Why ſtarts thou? *Liz. ſtarts.*
Liz. How ſudden and unruly is the ſenſe *To her ſelf.*
Of Love: Madam, the apprehenſion
Of the Conſequence. If your Fate follow
His, ye both are to us loſt.
Eu. Not loſt to thee; nor, yet from thee divided;
Thy amity aſſures me that thou wilt
Participate with me in any change.
Liz. That were the ſmalleſt triall of my Faith.
Eu. Know then I am reſolv'd, only with thee,
This Night (ſince I his exile can not ſtay)
To follow by my flight: which to ſecure,
As we the freſh ayre of the Ev'ning take,
We of the Foreſt will our Covert make.
Liz. Your Highneſs ſought my advice with my Ayd,
Yet you conclude without it.
Eu. That in the ſequell I perhaps may uſe;
But where Neceſſity hath left no choice,
Counſel is vain.
Liz. Yet Madam your attention let me crave,
I ſhall ſubmit to your Election.
Eu. What canſt thou ſay?
Liz. Under your Graces favour, you to chance
Precipitate, what time infallibly
Muſt without hazzard ripen to your hand;
And leave you Pow'r to cancell this Edict,
As it had never been.
Eu. My thoughts are fixt, prepare thee to their aide,
Attempt no more my Paſſion to or'eſway.
Time hath many Changes: Love brooks no delay. *Eu. Ex.*

Liz. How full of oppoſition is my Fate.
Each Accident begets a new repugnance
To my Hopes: And to extend my ſuffrings,
Endeavours me to frame their Inſtrument.
So wills the duty to my Soveragin.
But ſince the Gods to puniſh crimes omit
Wrought in Loves favour, I may that forget. *Sinevero Ent.*
Sin. How *Zizania*! The Princeſſe being alone,
You abſent from your charge? ſee you attend
With ſtricter diligence, than you were wont:
She ſeems to me perplexed in her thoughts;
I cannot gueſſe the cauſe: Be vigilant
In the ſearch, and when you finde her apt
For the impreſſion, move your Brothers ſuit:
Women have ſeaſons they can nought reſiſt,
On which advantage your ſex knoweth beſt
How to prevail.
Ziz. Sir,
My fear perſwades me I already have
Diſclos'd thereto an obſtacle, greater,
Than time or prudence can remove.
Sin. What may that be?
The diſcovery may in your cenſure
Blemiſh me with the reproach of levity,
So facilly to break a truſt impos'd
By the affection of my Soveraign,
Which no violence ſhould have wreſted from me,
Were not the ruin of the ſtate engaged
In the privacy.
How fain my Love would my deceit diſguiſe. *To her ſelf.*
Sin. Be brief.
Ziz. To my own ſenſe I ſcarce dare whiſper it,
Good Sir your eare.
Sin. How—*Ludaſter*—this night— *Intermiſſion.*
I amin wonder loſt— how confuſed are

My

My wandring thoughts—dull faculty awake
I have it now—yet ſtay—it ſhall be ſo.
Zizania thou haſt diſcharg'd a duty
Far greater than the ſcruple ballanc't it,
Thy Country and thy Fathers Age thou haſt
Preſerved from untimely fall; the which
To perfect, fulfil thy Miſtris pleaſure,
Leave me to fruſtrate her intention,
Farther you her deſign. Ask me not why
To rectifie the errours of a Prince,
We with them to the iſſue muſt comply.
Ziz. Obedience is my beſt direction. *Ziz. ex. Filathes ent.*

Sin. Whither, *Filathes*, ſo intentive bent?
Fi. Towards the Lodgings of the Princeſs, Sr.
You preſſe the chaſe with too much ardour yet,
Your viſits with adreſſe may frequent be,
Not importunate; times are not favouring,
Deſiſt, and e're you ſleep repair to me
For new advice.
Fi. My better Guide is your affection. *Fi. ex. Nefarius*

Sin. Nefarius, thou anticipat'ſt my wiſh.
I muſt imploy thee in an Action
Equall to my ſafety. Thou knoweſt well,
Time hath not yet outſtript my youthful heat;
I have a Miſtris, whoſe wantonneſſe
Diſlikes my paſſive years, and ſhuns acceſſe,
This night, as I have learnt, ſhe purpoſes
With one companion onely of her ſex,
T' invade the Foreſt for th' evening freſh ayr.
My ſpie ſhall be at hand to mark their courſe:
While you prepare an Ambuſh to ſurprize
Them; which done conveigh them to *Placentia*,
My adjoyning Houſe; and there commit them
To their cuſtody, whom I ſhall order
To receive them.

Ne. Your

Ne. Your Honours will in every Circumſtance
Shall be obſerved.

Sin. The undertakers ſhall want no reward,
You in particular.

Ne. I am your Honors Creature, and will ſtrait
About it. *Ne. Ex.*

Sin. Oh! I could hug my ſelf,
It ſwels my tickling Fancy with delight
Equall to the approaching Nuptiall
Of a Love ſick-Bride. Thus wiſdome rules
The Stars: Had my Invention been or dull,
Or ſlack: My ruine had been certain,
The Princes had eſcap'd, *Ludaſter* wed.
Whereby ſhe of her Non-age had the term
Anticipated: Me of my dignity
And Pow'r deveſted: My Enemy
Brought in with triumph to take full revenge
On me and my Complices. To this is
The influence of thoſe erring Lights preſide
The Offices of Nature directed:
But well digeſted Reaſon, who us frees,
From the ſubjection of the ſenſe: In which
Fraile Element their Empire onely moves,
Propounds a fairer Iſſue to my Hopes,
In the Converſion of their fatall Order.
This flouriſhing twig, who in her haſty growth
Strives to out-ſtrip the ſummet of her Prop.
I will (my Power to ſupport) or graft
Her on my ſtock, or elſe under colour
Of this her flight, ſmother her memory
With her life: Her Line terminates in her;
And I do, by the Pow'r I have engroſt,
Stand faireſt for the next Succeſſion,
So ſhall I thrive by my own Stars digreſſion.

Ex

Act II. Scene 3.

Nefarius with a Band of Villans.

So now diſperſe your ſelves to ſeverall
Stations. Here ſhall be my ſtand to watch
The Paſſage of the Plain. Who makes the firſt
Diſcovery, muſt give the ſignal to
The Reſt; which, done; all thither muſt with ſpeed
Repair. Away! the hour approaches. *Ex. ſeverall wayes,*
Eumena, Lizania. *Ne. remains hid.*

Eu. The Night is at her full Obſcurity.
Thou ſilent Harbinger of Love, my thanks:
Theſe wandring ſteps, loſt in thy gloomy ſhade,
Can, if perſued, no more be traced out;
Then may the fleeting progreſſe of a Bark
Upon the ſurface of the Ocean:
Caſt off thy ſullen veſture, and give way
To her ſupplies the Office of the Day,
Come, *Lizania*, where art thou?

Liz. Here, Madam.

Eu. Give me thy hand, Thou trembleſt with thy fears.
This weakneſs of our Sex prevailes in thee,
Becauſe not arm'd with Love.

Liz. With equall Love; not equal innocence;
I do repent too late, what I too ſoon *to her*
Have done. Love is a hardy Champion *ſelf.*
Madam, yet often undertakes beyond
His faculty. Pray Heav'n it prove not ſo.
The ſecret working of my groundleſs fears,
Can, in my judgement, no fare preſage be.

Eu. Thou art diſmaid with nights obſcurity,
Lets haſten forward.

Liz. For ought I know, we backward do return
Our erring ſteps finde no direction.

Eu. To this Aſcent I perfect knowledge have;

Where once arriv'd; we will attend a while
The riſing of the Moon.

Ziz. And whither doth your Highneſſe purpoſe then?
To a ſequeſtered ſociety
Of Veſtals, not far from thence: with whom we
(Pretending to be come with privacy
For our devotion) will ſome time remain,
Till we have learnt *Ludaſter*'s Reſidence.

Ziz. Love may attempt with Reſolution well,
Since he is as inventive, as hee's bold.

Eu. Thy fears grow pleaſant in ſecurity;
I like it well. Let us renew our courſe:

Ziz. If no prevention, nought can like me worſe. *Ex. Ziz.*

Ne. Approach not rudely, they are cloſe at hand;
If poſſible, attach them without fright. *Ex. omn.*

Ne. whiſtles, his companions gather to him: Shreek within.

Act II. Scene 4.

Ludaſter *diſguiſed in a Hermits habit.*

Fairwell thou ſplendid Theater of glory,
Whoſe active heat was wont to animate
Theſe fluent veins beyond the faculty
Of nature: I have, though too late, diſclos'd
A fairer way true Peace to ratifie,
Than yet the ſucceſſe of thy tragick paths
Hath ever traced out. More noble far,
Though not ſo Popular; whoſe fame is rais'd
Not on the loud voice of the multitude;
But on the ſecret approbation
Of the Good. A Glory ſtable, 'cauſe not
Envied. A Tryumph not enriched
With the Spoils of others: the price whereof
Is not the Widows nor the Orphans tears.
Alas! the happy iſſue of this ſtriſe

Tends

Tends not t' extinguiſh, but reforme a life,
Which Man too vainly ſeeking to cherriſh,
Diſſipates, catching at things unuſefull,
Or ſuperfluous, with ſuch a greedy toil,
As his Exiſtence meerly did depend
On his own Induſtry: to which he wades
Through any difficulty: meets the vaſteſt
Limmits of the Sea: Laies ope' the ſecret'ſt
Shadows of the Deep; And to each end his
Servile thoughts put on a ſeveral form,
And like a deſperate Gameſter caſts at All;
As if the ſpacious world for All was fram'd,
Too little were for one.
How ſweet a change my thoughts already prove!
Here no Alarum breaks a calm Repoſe,
Which gently ſlides but to diſcharge the debt
Of Nature, and without ſtarts diſcloſes
As the Day; invited with the cheerfull
Notes of the Hu'n neighbouring Quire to view
The ſmooth face of Nature, which even ſmiles
With an affected flattery to charm
The ſoul in her deep ſpeculation:
In which immoved with a future care,
She waits her flight, till ſhe almoſt forget
Her Manſion's miniſtry. So Bounteous
Is the Law of Nature, whoſe Immunities
Ev'n free the ſoul from all ſubjection. *Noyſe.*
Who's there? *Fidelius en.*

Fil. Your Servant Sir.

Lud. Fidelius! the happy relick of my churliſh Fate,
What wouldſt thou?

Fil. Not to diſturb your privacy, Good Sir,
You too much do endear your ſolitude.
I come to beg my Lute may to it yield
Some Intermiſſion.

Lud. Thy growth in vertue hath out-ſtript thy years:
Of thy obſervance this the tenderneſſe
Can nought expect from me, but empty thanks,

A weake foundation to thy future hopes,
Thou art yet young, and wiſely ſhould'ſt direct
Thy Induſtry but to ſupport thy Age.
Fi. Your unjuſt ſufferings will, I need not fear,
Make uſeleſſe to me ſuch a Providence,
And early intercept the Courſe of Life:
If otherwiſe, Sir, I beſeech you think,
My dillegence ſhall ne're be mercenary.
Lays his hand on his ſhoulder, and ſtrokes him on the cheek.
Lu. I do, I do, thou haſt a mind too great,
To ground ſo mean a doubt; yet I could wiſh
Thou would'ſt more careful of thy welfare be,
Here's no convenience, ſcarce for Neceſſity.
Thou lately in the Camp, didſt from me part;
Moſt dangerouſly ſick, ſick paſt beleif
Of ſafety. Truſt me, *Fidelius*, there were
Affirmed they had ſeen thee buried.
Why bluſheſt thou?
Fi. To finde the errour of Credulity.
Lu. Thy Relapſe would to my Misfortune ad,
Which to prevent, I purpoſe to commend
Thy ſafety to my Friend, who ſhall provide
For thee a fit retreat, till time confirm
Thy ſtrength.
Fi. I thank your Charity, Good Sir, but I
Find no ſuch indiſpoſition, as it
Figureth to you: to yeeld without need
To your appointment, were but to abuſe
Your Goodneſs.
Lu Tis but the fervor of thy will lends thee
Abilitie. The ſtrictneſſe of thy Love
Muſt not oppreſſe thy Nature; be advis'd.
Fi. If your Intention tend to caſt me off?
Proceed yet more directly; let me know
The Cauſe: My vanity, as yet, was ne're
So indiſcreet to think I might not err:
Nor yet my frailty ſo indocile, as
To render a Correction frivolous.

If

If my Attendance, too Officiously,
Preſt with untimely duty, interrupt
The ſecret entertainment of your thoughts;
I will reſtrain it to a Modeſty,
Indifferent as neglect; though it will be
More difficult then aſſiduitie
To me. Or if, as improfitable,
You would diſcarde me, a ſuperfluous charge,
I will inure theſe hands, though yet unapt,
To make my ſervice uſefull.

Lu. How! infinitly beyond all Art extends
The Innocence of thy expreſſions!
I could ſtand Ages here, ſtill as the Night,
To hear thee plead to have; what, Nations fight
To ſhun. Thy ſervitude. In troth, 'tis well
Thy happy Nature guides thee to be good.
Thou haſt a native faculty would elſe
All juſtice have corrupted. I muſt yeeld.
Thou ſhalt henceforth receive no Rule beyond
Thy own direction. Do as thou wilt.
Yet I would have thee ſecretly depart
From hence, to find *Ambigamor* my Friend,
Him only of my being here inform.
And farther let him know, I lately have
Intelligence of ſome diſorders ſprung,
'Mongſt our disbanded troups; which to appeaſe
(If yet their fury ſtart beyond their murmur)
I here am plac't at hand in this diſguiſe:
And ſhall be ſuccour'd, when occaſion calls,
By ſome diſperſed troups *Gratianus*
Holds in hand with hope of new Imployment.

Fi. I ſtrictly ſhall obſerve your will;
And with a ſpeedy diligence return.

Lu. Not ſo, *Fidelius*, I would have thee ſtay
Some time with him, the better to direct
His Meſſages to me; and cautious be
When thou return'ſt of thy Diſcovery.

Fi. Though naught in me pretendeth to avail,

Save Prayer. My abſence of your ſafety will
Be jealous. Heav'n be your ſafeguard Sr.
Lu. Farwell, my pretty Boy farewell. *Ex. Fi.*
Such Love would melt an unrelenting Heart.
All my misfortunes, fluent as they are,
Have not forc't from me ſo much woman yet:
Seems to weep. *Gratianus Ent.*
Gratianus! ſo ſuddenly, thou preced'ſt
My Expectation: what news abroad?
Gra. ſtrange news Sir, news
Will awake all that is Man about us.
Lu. Thy earneſtnes doth intercept thy haſt:
What is't?
Gra. The Princeſs, Sir, is given out for loſt.
Lu. Good heav'n forbid! as how?
Gra. Fled, as pretented is; a hoo! for fools.
But thoſe that have but half their ſenſes, Sir,
Muſt judge there's jugling in't. The Fox's train
Grows rank; and I prepare me for the Chaſe.
Lu. Temper thy Ardour to a ſoft reſtraint,
Thy raſhneſs will ore-throw our purpoſes.
Gra. Why? can you to them e're expect to find
A fairer Introduction?
Lu. Thou doſt miſtake, I queſtion not the ground
To be ſufficient to declare our ſelves;
But think it wanteth time to ripen it.
Perhaps the Princeſs is thus privately
Retyred onely to ſome holy Place
For her devotion. Perhaps ſequeſtred
From the importunate tumult of the Court,
To make her pleaſures more agreeable.
Perhaps this rumour may ſuggeſted be
But to intrap a blinde Temerity.
Gra. You ſay well; or this, or that may be;
In womens ways is little certainty.
Y'are better read in Politiques, than I;
I know no vertue, but Fidelity;
Nor vice, but want of courage: what is, Sir,
To be done?

Lu.

Lu. Time will bring truth to light; wait yet a while,
Set Spies to gather perfect Evidence:
Diſpoſe your troups in readineſs: and then
Repair to me, we on the manner will
Deliberate.

Gra. This ſhall be done immediately; but how
If in th' interim you ſhould diſcover'd be?

Lu. In caſe I ſhould; I fear no violence,
But from the County Officers. Since I
Aſſure my ſelf, no Souldier will attempt
Th' Attachement of my Perſon.

Gra. You may, upon my life, be confident
On their Loves. But how reſiſt the other?

Lu. I have th' advantage of the Hill, and on
The leaſt emotion will a ſignall give
By flag, by day; by fire in the night.

Gra. I ſhall be vigilant, and certain in
My ſuccour: Heav'n favour our Endeavours
To repair your wrongs.

Lu. Thanks, honeſt, *Gratianus*; make no ſtay;
As haſte is dangerous, ſo may prove delay.

Act III. Scene 1.

Eumena.

Eu. What place this is? or, why thus hither brought?
My beſt collected Senſe cannot diſcover,
Yet if it faile not in his Miniſtrie.

A noiſe within, ſhe ſtarts.

The richneſs of theſe Ornaments pretend
To flatter me to a ſecurity.
My Fears purſue me ſtill; each noiſe awakes

The terrour of another violence
More hatefull than the former. Certainly
The mark of theſe ſhould be Neceſſity,
Which here ſeems ſmother'd in a vaſt exceſſe,
To lodge no force, if not of wantonneſs.
Yet here misfortunes threatnings do not ſtay,
Sure if they did my Plaints were vain; ſince I
Have reſolution to eſcape their malice.
Ills are ſcarce ſuch which have their remedy:
Which wanting is, alas, to Loves reſtraint,
Whoſe jealous viſions evils multiply
On every empty poſſibility.
Is Love quick-ſighted onely to afflict,
Not to relieve it ſelf? vain Induſtry!
What pow'r ſhall I invoke? whoſe aide implore?
Am I abandon'd to each caſualty
Without Protection of a providence?
If ſo? How hitherto ſubſiſted I?
If otherwiſe? Why is that grace withdrawn?
My Innocence is the ſame; unleſs it be
A Crime to Love with true ſincerity.

Zizania ſecretly liſtning. *Ziz. Ent.*

Ziz. Theſe plaints renew the horror of my guilt, *To her ſelf.*
Why ſhuns your Highneſs my Society?
I am no ſtranger to your ſufferings,
Appear I leſſe agreeable than I was? *Eu. takes her by the hand.*

Eu. Thou art to me the ſame thou ever wer't,
Why mov'ſt thou ſuch a doubt, on ſuch a ground?
My thoughts, ſeduced by my ſorrows, ſtray
Ev'n from themſelves; well may they thee deny
Their anxious burden.

Ziz. My relation is nigher to their wrongs
Then e're yet it was: before I onely
Was their Partner, now their Author am.

Eu. Thy greif diſtracts thee ſure.

Ziz. Guilt of two frequent uſage is with them,
Can harbor it without a ſecret ſenſe.
Mine will o're throw me, if my Penitence

Mee

Meet not your Pardon to reſtore my peace.

Eu. I hold no ſuch Authority from heav'n.

Ziz. Heav'n is appeas'd, when thoſe we do offend
Are pacified.

Eu. It muſt then be ſome other:
I have from thee receiv'd no injury.

Ziz. My crime in that aſſurance multiplies.
Madam! you have; for which I thus become *Ziz. kneeles*
A ſuppliant, for your Pardon. *Eu. raiſeth her.*

Eu. Dear *Zizania* riſe: my Pardon, for what?

Ziz. That I could wiſh conceal'd
Till your agreement my requeſt confirm:
The nature of my Treſpaſs may perhaps
Revoke your Clemency.

Eu. That were but vertue meanly to diſguiſe
With Sophiſtrie: be it what it may, I
Do forgive thee.

Ziz. I have abus'd your truſt, your purpoſes
Betray'd to them have hither you by force
Conveigh'd.

Eu. Thou coula'ſt not be ſo wicked certainly?

Ziz. When my offence was known,
I knew you would retract your Charity.
Your meer rebukes are puniſhments to me.

Eu. I can but wonder at thy frailty: yet
Muſt wonder more what ſhould induce thee to't.

Ziz. The danger of your Highneſs raſh attempt.
Which when my Prayers could not ſtay, I ſought.
My Fathers ſuccour to prevent, but was
Not privy to the means he uſed.

Eu. Aſtoniſhment gives place unto my fears;
But to what end my Liberty reſtrain'd?

Ziz. I cannot gueſs, unleſs it be to give
Freer acceſs unto my Brothers ſuit.

Eu. No more of that?
Unleſs thou wouldſt poſſeſs me with belief,
That there are crimes which we can not forgive.

Ziz.

Ziz. Henceforth, I never will my ſafety hold
At ſo high rate, to purchaſe it with your
Renew'd diſpleaſure: which yet to confirm,
I will make uſe of this advantage gain'd
By my errour, to rectifie it ſelf.
The breach of your truſt, wins a truſt elſwhere,
Which I will break again, but to repair
The former. I am your onely Wardor,
With ſome few ſervants under my Command,
Whoſe vigilance, being ignorant to what
Addres't, I eaſily will blind, when time
Shall ev'ry circumſtance fulfill, may make
Infallibly ſucceſsfull our eſcape.

Eu. Prythee, *Zizania*, may I credite this
Ziz. Once culpable, and ne're free from ſuſpect?
Madam, you may, by your fair Innocence
You may.

Eu. Another would believe this but a ſnare
To work upon their eaſines; but I
Will on thy promis'd faithfulneſſe relie.

Ziz. And never more ſhall ſuffer in't by me.
Be pleaſed to withdraw your ſelf a while:
I hear ſome one approach. Hard deſtiny!
My ruine muſt repair my Infamy.

Filathes Ent.

Brother, what chance hath led you hither?

Fi. No chance, *Zizania*, but Loves direction.

Ziz. Twas chance you err'd not with ſo blind a guide.

Fi. Blinde in his ſenſe, not in his Intellect.

Ziz. Yet ſenſuall, ſure was your intelligence.

Fi. Tis true, *Zizania*,
We have a Father tender of us both.

Ziz. Tis manifeſt in your behalf: But how
In mine?

Fi. That in the ſequel will apparent be,
Firſt, tell me, how the Princeſs brooks this change?

Ziz. With longer uſe it may become leſſe ſtrange:

Fi. And how ſucceeds my Hopes?

Ziz.

Ziz. Tis time must be your better Advocate;
You have already opportunity;
Powerfull disposers of a womans will.
Fi. But how, by your art, find you her inclin'd?
Ziz. Not past possibility,
Nor yet so facile, as to flatter you.
Women have reserv'd motives not easie
To disclose.
Fi. When unto my admittance shall I come?
Ziz. With formed purpose that must not be done;
But carelessly, on some slight Accident:
I will advise you in the manner, when
I finde her temper, and the season fit.
Fi. Thou hast a wit fit one / to direct.
Ziz. But how all this concerns the care of me,
I cannot judge;
Fi. Thou hast awak'd my Memory.
I am to let thee, from my Father, know,
He hath concluded of thy Marriage
With *Ambigamor*, confident his will
Disposeth thine, in thy obedience.
To which he wills thee forme thy resolution,
For thy advantage, and to farther his,
In his pretences to faire *Orgula*.
Ziz. 'Tis very sudden.
Fi. Why seem'st thou troubled?
He is a man, in my opinion,
Whose full desert might make thy wishes vain.
Ziz. I think as much.
Nor is my trouble grounded on dislike,
But on a sorrow for occasion lost,
Might this Command have fill'd, if then but known,
And my Agreement vail'd with Modesty.
Fi. What was't?
Ziz. Upon the importunacy of his sute,
But yesterday, I promist to consult
My Fathers will, and e're the Evening clos'd,
To send him my last Resolution.

Fi.

Fi. Time is not so far spent, but this may yet
Be done.

Ziz. Not well without suspition of my being.

Fi. I am indebted for my Interests:
And with an Equall care will tender thine;
Which thus securely may effected be.
The Messenger imployed shall pretend
Your letter left unto his Charge last Night,
But the distraction of the Princes losse,
And yours, diverted him: to which the date,
And place agreeing; 'twill undoubted pass.

Ziz. Tis well advis'd, and I will follow it:
Walk but one turn i'th lower Gallery;
I'le finish it immediately.

Ex. severall wayes.

Act III. Scene 2.

Orgula.

The Princes lost! it is incredible?
It can be but some idle Rumour sprung
From the distemper'd heat of wine: when as
The giddy Fantasie works high upon
Each slight Impression to make the tongue
Licentious: It is impossible!
Admit it true: what would vain Hope infer?
That I agreeing to *Sinevero*,
Stand fairest to succeed her Dignity.
Love interdicts that fond Reflection.
Tush! Beauty, if not joyn'd with Majesty,
Is honour'd but for sensuality.
'Tis well attempted to suppresse my flame,
Yet vainly do my thoughts avouch to what
They cannot frame, and with a false apparrell
Palliate my wound.

Mundelo Enter.

Mu

Mu. Madam, the Princes is, for certain, loſt.
Or. For certain then another muſt be found.
The Practice of the world hath made thee wiſe,
Mundolo, which teacheth thee to value
All publique dammages, no farther than
Our private Intereſts do on them depend.
Mu. 'Twas your Command that chang'd the Property.
Or. Which errour now my ſecond thoughts have found,
And blame that troubled curioſity.
Which to overpaſs, tell me, *Mundolo*,
What youth is that come lately to my Brother?
Or in what quality received?
Mu. His buſineſs ſpeaks him a Meſſenger;
His Privacy a friend, beyond both which,
I yet have nothing learnt particular
Of him.
Or. Thou haſt then loſt thy ſenſuall faculty.
Mu. What means your honour to conclude of mine
Beyond the information of your own?
Or. Can any Eye, if not defective,
See and not judge him Natures miracle.
Mu. So far from that, mine cannot judge in what:
Or. Is not his form exactly excellent?
Mu. More than the baſhfull ſmoothneſs of his years,
Which reach not yet to the diſtinction
Of his Sex; I can not ſee.
Or. Thou ſtupid art beyond credulity.
Mundolo, while yet I was an Infant,
My Father, of a ſlave, deſigned thee
To my Attendance: ſince I have found thee
Diligent and faithfull to my Purpoſes.
Mu. Your honour's Teſtimony is
The End and Glory of my Servitude.
Or. In that belief *Mundolo*, I intend
T' impart the ſecret of my Love to thee.
Mu. It is the gen'ral Subject of each tongue,
Which now prepare to publiſh through the world
Their vows to your obedience, as joyn'd

To him extracts a Soveraigne Right from that
Of our Protection.
Or. The vulgar voice is a meer bable grown,
Which reacheth but to the first appearance
Of things to involve the world in Errour;
In which, *Mundolo*, thou art also faln,
If thy words truly figure thy Belief
The Object of my Love the Subject is
Of our last difference, which thy sense finds
Not out, because it not distinguisheth.
Mu. Means your Honour the youth you spake of last?
Or. The same.
Mu. The grounds of Love in their dependencies
Are imperceptible even to them
That suffer the Effects to which it may
Become the meanness of my Condition
To be an Instrument, no Counsellour.
Or. I do approve thy modesty, and will
So far make use thereof.
Mu. My obedience waits on your Direction.
Or. Which is at present but to find the means
I may have private Conference with him.
Mu. The occasions fair, he being now without
Viewing intentively those Pictures sent
From Rome. I'le use some slight unwittingly
May guide him hither.
Or. Do, make tryall of your Art. *Ex. Mundolo*
How Imperious is the force of Love!
What are these glorious trophies which the world
Admire in their Captivity, since they *Waves her*
Must be laid down to grace Anothers triumph *hand with*
In my own; against the Rites of Beauty, *a slighting*
Or our Sex. *gesture to her face.*

Fidelius Ent.

Fi. That here should be a fairer piece than that,
I cannot credit, though I press to see.
Seems surprised, seems to retyre.
Hah!

Hah! this fellow hath abuſed me,
Your Honours Pardon.
Or. If your Intention guide you hither, Sir,
Here is no object will oppoſe your courſe.
Fi. It was but errour Madam, which
Were multiplyed in the continuance.
Or. The Errour lyes but in your own diſlike,
Nor wants but your own ſatisfaction
To repair it.
Fi. It is your bounty, ſo to cenſure it,
Extended it no farther, he deſerv'd
To bear his guilt that would not clear it ſo,
Or. If farther, 'tis in your own conjecture
Meerly, not in mine.
Fi. It is againſt the Rule of civill tyes,
To uſe their faculty to overthrow
Their Rites.
Or. Thoſe truly are ſuperfluous ceremonies,
Which cuſtom hath induc'd to blind the world,
Shee might thoſe freedoms ſteal, Nature hath ſeal'd
To us, ev'n in our firſt Production.
Fi. Without ſome order were no decency.
Or. Order is but a ſluggiſh method form'd
To ſhrow'd the ſubtilty of the Cautelous.
Fi. The Nature of my errour to confirm,
If I deſiſt not, will beget another.
In this your oppoſition Madam
Or. It is but muſicall in our diſcourſe,
Not reaching to th' averſion of our wils.
Fi. Your Honours is ſo pow'rful, it muſt find
Concurrence ev'ry where in all that have
The Lights of Nature free.
Or. To which I doubt your own will ſcarce agree.
Fi. The fault is then in my Capacity
Or. Who moves anothers, may thereto conform
His own.
Fi. It muſt be when th' Effects of both are know'n.
Or. Where the Cauſe is infallible th' effects

Are manifeſt: which thus is farther prov'd,
Fire muſt burn, and Beauty muſt be lov'd.
Fi. When they do meet fit Subjects to receive
Thoſe their Impreſſions.
Or. Not yet; this difficulty hath too much Art
To be ſimplicity I muſt be plain. *To her ſelf*
What deſect can you finde in me not to
Receive the latter?
Fi. In Excellence your own Supremacy.
Or. That in th'effects against your own is found
An Impropriety: ſince mine in vaine
Inviteth: yours with ſucceſſe enforceth
Love.
Fi. This onely is in ſuppoſition,
Not in evidence
Or. That to each ſenſe appears which not dverts
It ſelf from this oreflowing Paſſion
Of my heart: by a diſguis'd neglect.
Thoſe bluſhe yeeld a luſtre yet untaught *To her ſelf*
By Art: which though they ſeem t'oppoſe with blame
My loves acceſſe; they cheriſh ſtill the flame.
An Attendant
Att. Sir, my Lord *Ambigamor* deſires to ſpeak with you.
Fi. I'me happily delivered: *To himſelf.*
I'was ev'n at my laſt evaſion
Your Pardon, Madam.
Or. Mine ſubmits to your will, ev'n ſo, who Love,
Not by their own, but by anothers move.
Exit Or.

Act III. Scene 2.

Filathes.

Women in their own Nature gen'rally
Deceitfull are. 'Tis the defenſive Arm
Of their ſecurity, fram'd to ſupply

The

The deffect of their own Ability.
But when this innate diſpoſition meets
With a fit inſtrument of wit: 'tis then
Women outſtrip the common reach of men.
The juſteſt ground of my ſuſpition, is
This ſudden change, ſo long purſued in vain.
My Signet perfectly agrees with this, *The Letter.*
And may without a blemiſh it recloſe. *Sits down at a table.*
Opens the Letter and reads.

My Lord *Ambigamor*.
The Meſſenger hereof delivers you
A falſe pretence, but to delude the hand
Directs it, with th' aſſiſtance of my Brother,
A paſſionate Party in your Int'reſts:
I thus adviſe you to reſtore your Friend.
The Princeſs (ſince her intercepted flight,
Occaſion'd onely by *Ludaſters* Love.
For whoſe Reapeal ſhe often mov'd in vain)
Intends, the Evening that ſucceeds this date,
To meet him at the Foreſt holy Oake:
Diſguis'd, alone, arm'd with the aſſurance
Of his vertue; Friendſhip confirms you beſt
Know how to yeeld him this Intelligence;
With which to joyn, your diligence to move;
Receive a farer title to my Love.

Zizania

Theſe are new myſteries, whoſe progreſs would
Prove fatall to us in their Conſequence.
Siſter, you are a truſty Advocate
Is then *Ludaſters* Intereſts become
More prevalent with you, than mine? I muſt
Suppreſs the iſſue, though with grief my Friend
Ambigamor muſt be depriv'd thereby
Th' advantage which it brings unto his Hopes:
Loſt in his Miſtreſs ſcorn—There is a mean *pauſe*
May favour his, and farther yet my Ends.
To thy Example be propitious *Jove*!
Ayde my deceit in *Love*—It ſhall be ſo. *pauſe*

With little Art I may protract the Date
Hereof, whereon depends their meeting: whil'ſt
I, in the Intr'm, at the appointed time,
Vayl'd with th' approach of Night, may perſonate
My Rivall with ſucceſs: I'le fetch a Pen,
And alter it, with eaſe, it ſhall not be
Diſtinguiſht by the Eye that framed it. *Exit Fi.*

Leaving the letter on the Table. *Sinevero Ent.*

Sin. Filathes! gone ſo ſuddenly; he was *Intermiſſion*
But now they told me in his Cloſet— How! *reads the letter*
What this? with the aſſiſtance of my Brother. *left on the*
A paſſionate party in your Intereſts — *table.*
Ludaſter at the Foreſt Holy Oake—
The Evening that enſues this date—*that is **Lets fall*
To Night. Muſt then my children conſpire *the letter*
Againſt my ſafety, and th' immediate means *from his eye*
I have contrived to enlarge their Fates?
Tis time I ſhould provide another ſtock,
To graft a more obedient Iſſue on. *Flings the letter care-*
I'le not oppoſe their courſe, their ways ſhall be *leſly on the*
Their Snare: my care reſts onely on my own *Table again.*
Security: which to enſure, and theſe
My doubts confirm with farther certainty,
I muſt ſet Spies on the Delivery. *Ex. Sin.*

Filathes re ent with a Pen. *looks on the letter.*

Fi. This unite, if converted into two,
Defers the preſent till to morrow night. *ſeems to write,*
Tis done moſt perfectly. I will diſpatch *cloſes it and*
The Meſſenger; then Heav'n put out your light; *ſeals it.*
Loves ſenſe is cleareſt in the darkeſt night. *Ex. Fi.*

Act III. Scene 4.

Orgula, Mundolo.

Or. To night, *Mundolo*, ſaiſt thou?
M. Madam, this Night *Fidelius* muſt depart.
Or. What is the Reaſon of his ſudden haſt?
Mu. Unleſs a letter lately ſent my Lord
Ambigamor, my Obſervation
Can ſuggeſt no other.
Or. Muſt the malignance of my ſtars at once
Precipitate my Hopes, their rigour yet
Had taught me ſufferance, if the change had
But flatter'd me to a ſuſpence of Doubt,
Though it ne're reacht to farther certainty.
Mu. Be not ſo mov'd. A fertile induſtry
Makes eaſie paths through ev'ry difficulty:
Mine, as in Duty bound, preſents it ſelf
To th' undertaking.
Or. Endeavours happy that pretend to be,
Muſt work on Subjects have capacity.
Mu. Madam, this falls within that quality,
Though your fears lend it other appearance.
Were my life free (though far too mean a pledge
For your diſpleaſure) it moſt willingly
Should ballance the Event.
Or. What can be done on ſuch an Exigent?
Mu. His journey may protracted be.
Or. Thoſe purpoſes do many hazards run
Are grounded but on Poſſibilities.
Where is the means?
Mu. To that,
Occaſion is the faireſt Miniſter,
Leave to my vigilance the Charge.
Or. Thy ſubtlety I know ſtill equall is
To thy Fidelity. And ne'ther ſhall

Return from my Imployment empty.

Mu. Your honors bounty is my providence.

Or. How fleeting are th'impreſſions of my minde:
Were this ſucceſsful my diſtracted thoughts
Would in themſelves a new diviſion finde.
This innate paſſion of Supremacy,
Which the Soul holdeth from the Excellency
Of her own Nature; ſcarce will intermit *To her ſelf*
To the Repugnance of anothers force.
Were but the Motions of Ambition trac'd,
Each Preſident would ſhew; ev'n wantonneſs,
(When her Rites were in queſtion) loſt the uſe
Of ſenſe: yet were theſe flames ſprings of delight,
If but one object could them both unite

Mu. Madam, your thoughts ſeem overcaſt again
With trouble: Appeaſe them in aſſurance
Of my truſt.

Or. Mundelo, thy faith hath ever been,
Without reſerve, the cloſet of my breſt.
To limmit it with a Reſtriction now,
Were to offend thy Intreſt, and betray
My own: know then *Mundolo*, I do finde
A contradiction in my own deſire,
And cannot reconcile the difference:
One part we have concluded on; th'other
Remains without in Expectation
Of my laſt Reſolution.

Mu. Do's your Honour mean my Lord Protector.

Or. I do; He with new violence purſues
His Pretences to a ſudden Iſſue.

Mu. What obſtacle
In this can move you to deliberate?

Or. Is it not apparently repugnant
To my Love; to yeeld my ſelf unto
Another End?

Mu. To this your faireſt way, If I might be
Your guide: This youth is of condition mean,
And can not meet your wiſh, without reproach,

Which

Which ſhrouded with anothers title might
Be done: cuſtome makes it warrantable.
Wealth moves the world, yet is Loves Miniſter:
Firſt we contract with this, then joyn with that.
Husbands are us'd, as Properties in Scenes,
To keep the inward motions undiſcover'd.
Or. We 'gainſt our Reaſon eaſily conclude
When over-ſway'd by ſenſe: Admit this were *To her ſelf*
As you would figure it. It muſt diſtaſte
A Virgin to yeeld up the paſſion
Of her firſt Embraces, from him ſhe loves
Deſervedly, to Age and Impotence.
Mu. Nor that, nor this, if you relie on me;
That Brain is ſhallow, which is onely led
By common conſequence, wiſdom creates
New means, where none to ſenſe was viſible;
And faſhions ſubjects were irregular
Directly to her Purpoſes.
Or. Such is the force of wiſdome, I muſt grant;
But not as plac'd in our Humanity.
Mu. Diſtruſt is onely our Infirmity:
Our faculties oft fail us in their uſe,
Wanting aſſurance to ſupport their ſtrength:
Yet to confirm your thoughts, I will diſcloſe
The manner: My Father was an Artiſt,
Madam, honoured in his time, though ſince,
The ignorance of every mounting Jack,
Hath made the Function infamous. Of his
I have a *Lodanum*, ſo rarely mixt,
One ſcruple giv'n in any liquid thing,
Holds with ſo dull a vapour ev'ry ſenſe,
No force can wake them from its violence,
Till the courſe of the Operation paſs.
This but infus'd upon your wedding night
Into his Cup you ſeemingly do yeeld,
The more agreeing Object I will bring
Unto your Bed.

Or. How bold are servile mindes, *To her self.*
Upon the least discov'ry of our ills,
To tempt us unto greater—I obey: —*Intermission.*
Love and Ambition must work any way.
Mundolo, to warrant thy endeavours,
The Law allows me power of thy life;
To gratifie them, if successfull, I
Will raise thy Bondage 'bove thy Liberty.
Mu. I finde it so already, Madam,
Or. It shall have larger proofs; i'th' interim,
Give the direction to your own advice.
Mu Your honour then should suddenly conclude
Your Marriage with *Sinevero*: which done,
The rest lies in my execution.
Or. Follow thy course; be to thy self thy Fate,
Procure me Love; or to thy self my Hate. *Ex. Orgula*
Mu. The true Reward of forward Servitude,
I have too farr proceeded to look back:
My safety now must be the nigheſt end.

Ambigamor, Fidelius, Ent.

Mu. Hah! so nigh! *withdraws behind*
I must lye close for new discovery. *the hanging*
Amb. This to thy Master give with diligence; *Amb.*
Tell him the time and place inscribed shall *gives Fi. two*
Present me to his succour: to which add *letters.*
My Love. Farewell honest *Fidelius.* *Amb embraces Fi.*
Fi Your Honours humble Servant.
Ex. Amb. Fi. severall wayes.
Mu. Sir, my Lord *Ambigamor.* *Mundolo discovers him-*
Hath somewhat farther to impart to you. *self, and runs*
Fi. Which way went he? *hastily after Fi. re-ex. Fi.*
Mu. This way Sir, *points to a contrary way.*
So, I'le follow, and close him in his cage, *seems to lock*
If there he struggle, vain shall be his Rage. *a door on him.*
Ex. Mun.

Act

Act IV. Scene 1.

Sineverus, Nefarius.

Sin. This day, on the declining of the light;
The place, *Nefarius*, is the Holy Oake,
Here in the Foreſt. See it fully done.
Your former inſtruments perhaps may be
Your ſafeſt undertakers.
Ne. They will! but how ſhall they diſtinguiſh them.
Sin. That by their Perſons, or their Habits will
Uncertain prove, becauſe they come diſguiſed,
Their purpoſe being to entrap my life:
But you in time preceding them may ſoon
Diſcover them, by their intention,
Which in their actions they would ſeem to hide
I'le tripple the reward to them, and thee.
Ne. Your Honors pleaſure is my recompence
Sin. This finiſhed: *Ex. Ne.*
My joys are perfect, and my Fortunes full.
This toyling ſpirit then ſafe Harbor takes,
Where ſhe the breaches ſhall reſtore of time
And caſualty: knowing no Action
But what is practis'd by the Gods, Repoſe.
While cheriſht with the Flames of Beauty and
Of Love, an Effence I aſſume out-laſts
The Age of Her, whoſe aſhes doth renew
Her kinde—*Zizania.*

Zizania Ent.

I ſent for thee, thou might'ſt partake my joy.
I have ſhook off the tumults of the Court,
And with my Bride am to *Placentia* come,
To be thy gueſt, *Zizania*, Privacy
Adds, in our ſeeming ſtealth, to our delight,
What publick freedom doth in licence looſe,
Zi. My wiſhes ſhould inlarge your happineſſe,

Were they as ready to my will, as it
Is in obedience unto yours.
Sin. Which onely is at present to seclude
You and your charge from our discovery.
And secretly to give direction
For this Nights entertainment.
Ziz. To my best faculty I shall.
Sin. My care shall next supply the like Office
To thee. *Ex. Sin.*
Ziz. Your tenderness guides my Fidelity;
Love is facile full to decrepid Age,
While youth and beauty lose their influence.
Where lyes the hidden vertue of force?
Not in the sense, this contradiction proves.
If in th' Intellect, their Equality
Of forms would mutually each other
Penetrate with like Impressions: But this
Alas! my sufferings also falsifie. *Eumena Ent.*
Eu. *Zizania*,
What add'st thou to the burden of my Fears?
Leaving me onely to secure my Peace.
Ziz. I thought your Highness was dispos'd to Rest.
Eu. Such intermission seldome doth invest
A Soul besieged with so many doubts.
Ziz. Your groundless apprehension doth suggest
Vain forms, but to afflict your self.
Eu. Think'st thou it vain to doubt the certainty
Of my escape, the houre at hand, and yet
The way not form'd to my delivery
Ziz. You rashly do precipitate your censure:
Our better Fortune doth present the means,
Which I already fully fashion'd have
In my Intention: Madam, this day
My Father married is to *Orgula*,
With whom, more fully to enjoy themselves,
He privately is hither come;
Eu. What can from hence be gather'd? this rather
Doth oppose, than farther our designe,
Ziz. Your

Ziz. Your Highneſs doth conclude too ſuddenly.
Their entertainment lyeth in my charge,
Which, not appearing, I muſt ſecretly
Direct; under which colour, on th' approach
Of Night, our Domeſtique Attendants I'le
Diſpoſe unto ſome ruſtique ſport, in which
Diveſted of their uſuall Habits
To put on other Properties. we will
Aſſume their Figures to diſguiſe our own.
Whil'ſt in the Action they are buſied,
We undiſcover'd ſafely may depart.

Eu. Tis well contriv'd; I wiſh the Iſſue may
As happily enſue.

Ziz. Diſtruſt it not: Aſſurance fortifies
Our purpoſes.

Eu. It is in heav'n decreed; ſucceed what may,
We muſt the Influence of their Lights obey. *Exit.*

Act IV. Scene 2.

Mundolo

Mu. I have with pain this difficulty paſt,
But how I ſhall go thorough with the next,
Falls not as yet in my Conception.
Was ever Culli'on forced to the Arms
Of ſo much Beauty yet? 'Tis the laſt time
I'le be undertaker to Anothers
Pleaſure. A Veſtall far more eaſily
I might corrupted have, than him have mov'd
To the approach I was enforc'd to leave
My ſlights, pretending that his gold had won
Me to the Change; whileſt under the colour
Of ayding his eſcape, I train'd him through
The thickeſt of the wood, where ſeeming to
Have loſt my ſelf, I lodg'd him here untill

To morrows light.

Orgula Enter.

Or. Mundolo.

Mu. Madam

Or. How thrives our purposes?

Mu. As you your self could wish.

Or. Why? Hast thou won him hither?

Mu. I have, and finde this passive coldness
Is but the bashfull softness of his youth,
Which vail'd with nights obscurity will prove
More hardy.

Or. Where hast thou lodged him?

Mu Close to your withdrawing room, wherein
Are Chambers onely to my use assign'd.

Or. Tis well, but hast thou to *Sinevero*'s cup
Infused thy Ingredient?

Mu. Tis done.

Or. I fear the failing of its force.

Mu. My life shall be the Forfeiture.

Or. I finde in him no alteration yet.

Mu. It must have time to operate.

Ver. Hah! hah! hah! *Vergona, Amasia.*

Or. So full of myrth, *Vergona.*

Ver. Your Honours Pardon,
Who from th' expression could restrain themselves,
Must have a temper more discreete than mine.

Or. What is the matter? speak *Amasia*, speak.

Am. My Lord the Bridegroom fain would be in Bed.

Or. With which of you? I pray ye are so pleasant grown.

Am. The fervour of his Inclination
Affecteth no Society

Or. No, what moves his Passion then?

Am. Upon my life no Action, Madam.
You need not fear he should disquiet you
To night.

Or. Thou art distracted sure.

Am. I should be so, held I your honours place,

T'would

T'would move the ſuff'rance of a longing Bride,
To loſe her expectation fully rais'd.
Or. This but confirms me more in my belief,
Unvaile the myſtery.

To Vergano.

Ver. Madam, without more circumſtance, my Lord
Travel'd in fancy with too high delight,
Ere he to the Fruition came, makes
His Relaxes in a pleaſant ſlumber.
Am. So Dull,
The Image ſcarce can be diſtinguiſhed.
From what it repreſents.
Ver. No violence can move a ſenſe of life,
More than he breaths.
Or. Tis ſtrange, perhaps ſome laſſitude of ſpirit.
See, yee diſturb him not.
Am. A Trumpet or a Cannon will not do't.
Or. It works, *Mundolo*, vaniſht are my fears.
Mu. Your honour will have firmer confidence
In my Proceedings. *To Mun. privately to whiſper.*
Or. I ſhall, and truly value them: *The waiting women one to the other*
Ver. We ſhall not need, *Amaſia* to ſteal
Away the Bride to Night.
Am. Nor ſhe, *Vergona*, to protract the loſs
Of her Virginity with pretended Vows.
Ver. Twill ſave her Artificiall modeſty
From ſuch conſtraint.
Am. Fy upon flegm and age, which have not heat
Enough to reach to the Encounter.
Ver. This interlude were rare to introduce
Another to her Bed.
Am. When he awaking ſhould believe he had
What he found wanting, in a pleaſant dream.
Ver. The ſlight would pleaſe beyond what follows it.
Or. It ſhall be ſo; *Amaſia*, get things *To Mu.*
In readineſs, I will to bed.
Am. Your Honour will not fruſtrate the deſigne

Your

Your Servants for your entertainment have
Already form'd, and now without attend
You with a Banquet and a Maſque;
Or. Go let them know their Lord being indiſpos'd,
Their ſports ſhall till to morrow be deferr'd,
Their Banquet place in my withdrawing room.
Am. We ſhall. *Ex. Am. Ver.*
Or. Mundolo, now
My joys have freedome to declare themſelves,
And yeeld to thee their due acknowledgement.
A double vigour animates my ſenſe:
The flames of Love I finde more active prove,
When they approach their ſphear, onely to thee *Lays her*
Their union muſt their mediation owe. *hand on Mun.*
How fortunes malice labours to ſuppreſſe
The light of Nature; her beauties caſting
In obſcurity: had they but agreed
In thy Production, thy wit had rais'd
A glorious title to thy memory.
Mu. Yet to your Honours Teſtimony far
Inferiour.
Or. I ſhall finde means to lend it Action
Worthy thy capacity: I'th' interim,
Proceed to perfect my intention,
Occaſions ripe, and time doth ſpeedy grow,
Yet in his flight, to anſwer Love, too ſlow.
Mu. My diligence with like alacrity
Shall meet them both. *Exit Mun.*
Or. Contract thy dulleſt vapour gloomy night,
Thou fully may'ſt thy right anticipate:
Vaile every gaudy ſpangle of thy Robe,
Thy Beautie lies in thy obſcurity.
With thy deep Lethargie charm ev'ry ſenſe,
No Spye may intercept Loves Privacie.
Throughout thy ſilent Region, no breath move,
May once divert the Fancie of our Love.
And when thou muſt withdraw, leaſt us thou ſhould'ſt
Betray; precipitate not thy Courſe; but ſlide
By degrees away. Act IV.

Act IV. Scene 3.

Zizania *in a Foreſters diſguiſe.*

What Law, ſo tyrranous, doth us enjoyn
With the firſt Rites of Nature to diſpence?
Our common preſervation ſhould prevaile,
Ballanc'd againſt all other conſequence.
Yet I unhappy muſt ſuch ties inflict
Upon my ſelf, as no Law would impoſe,
To ſave another, I my ſelf muſt loſe
This goodly light, whereof we ſo much boaſt,
Serves but to us our thraldome to inſtall:
No ſooner we do Reaſons uſe attain,
But what, who want her, do with Liberty;
Her ſtrict preſcriptions do to us deny.
Madam, where is your Highneſſe?

Eumena Ent. diſguis'd in a Foreſters habit.

Eu. Here, *Zizania*, here.

Ziz. I fearfull am to loſe you; this diſtance
Will too much endanger our diviſion.
You ſeem not forward in your own deſires;
What makes you ſlack your preintended ſpeed?
If fear; Love hath his reſolution loſt:
If laſſitude; repoſe your ſelf on me.

Eu. Neither: *Zizania.*
I ſtay'd to gather ſomewhat I let fall.

Ziz. By your long ſilence, Madam, I ſhould judge,
Your thoughts do ſuffer ſome diſtraction.
This your eſcape would elſe be ſome degree
Unto your ſatisfaction.

Eu. Which is not figur'd ſoly in diſcourſe,
Such entertainments now would onely ſerve
But to diſcloſe what our diſguize conceals.

Ziz. Here are no witneſſes, believe, but ſuch,
Whoſe ſimple Nature can diſtinguiſh nought

We utter: or, if they did, the freedome which
They happily enjoy, would not betray
Our Liberty.
Eu. Are we yet far remote from whence we came,
Or whether we intend?
Ziz. From both past all distinguishing.
Eu. Thou hast so many winding turnings trod,
I fear our unknown course should backward lead.
Ziz. This path doth guide us to a little Plain,
Would perfectly to either us direct.
Eu. From which I gather what I have to shun, *to her self*
Zizania, hark, I hear some noise at hand;
Step thou before and make discovery.
Ziz. Twas but your Highness apprehension.
Eu. Think'st thou my fears so vain to agitate
Beyond the true direction of my sense.
Ziz. Your satisfaction moves my diligence.
Eu. I have at length attempted with success,
Who by one Party twice betray'd will be,
The Author is of his own mysery,
Had but my thoughts reflected at the first
On the extraction of this Infamous
Betrayer of my trust; I had not now
Been forced to expose my wandring steps
To the uncertain chance of Night; nor yet
The fury of each savage Beast. Nature
In the firm Rule of her Productions would
Have taught me, she, according to each kinde,
Doth seldome fail in figuring of the minde.
The Fathers high Ambition I have found,
Which travels indirectly to supplant
Me of my Right: whose Pow'r to oresway,
Both Love and Wisdome traceth out one way *Ex. Eu.*
Ziz. Twas but the Image of your jealousie. *Ziz re-ent.*
Madam! Madam! I am not surely come
Unto the Place I left her in. Heav'n guide
My course aright, night may not us divide. *Ex. Ziz.*

Act IV. Scene 4.

Voracho, Spuratro. *Encounter.*

Spu. Voracho!

Vo. Spuratro!

Spu. What booties are abroad?

Vo. I rounded have the Foreſt; but can finde
Naught worth the undertaking.

Spu. Haſt thou ſeen any? I am honeſt grown
For want of practice; Thieves, like miſers, ſhould
Seek for great gains, but not neglect the ſmall.

Vo. Two Forreſters I oft accoſted have,
Who by their courſe ſeem but to lodge ſome Dear.

Spu. No matter what: Are their cloths good they wear:

Vo. Give ear a while; I hear ſome one draw nigh.

Spu. A certain prize, cloſe to our Ambuſh ply. *They hide themſelves.*

Eumena ent.

Eu. I have outſtript the accents of her voice,
And ſhould by her expreſſions have eſcap'd
The hazard of encounter or purſuit.
But whether my Intention ſhould direct,
If my ſenſe could diſtinguiſh where I am,
Is not yet form'd in Reſolution:
Fear hath till now uſurpt that faculty,
And happily conducted nature ſo,
As the next means to preſervation.
Difficulty is ſooner overcome,
Than treachery: Thus this evaſion paſt,
I ſhould proceed to free me from the next:
But in this obſcure Labyrinth I finde
The more to disingage me I inſiſt,
The more in errour I my ſelf involve.
Theſe unfrequented ſhades, approaching night,
My ſenſes ſeiſe with horrour, captivate
My ſight: benum'd with laſſitude my limbs
Forget their uſe: yet when to me the cauſe
Preſents it ſelf, Love ſweetens ev'ry clauſe.

Oh! cruell Villain! *shout, Eu. falls.*

Spu. Twas well directed, sirrah! he is fall'n.

Vo. Quickly advance, and finish him, Ile wait
The Coast.

Eu. What seek you of me? if my life,
It is already to your hand betray'd;
A thing so vain, they would not it defend,
Had tryed the evils hath attended mine.

Spu. So willing to depart? had we but known
Your minde, you longer might have liv'd, we seek
Anothers life, but to secure our own. *Spu. goes about to rifle*
Tis money is our End. *him: whistles.*

Gratianus Ent. Spu. withdraws.

Gra. The cry I heard upon the shot, was here,
If my sense err not: hah! a handsome youth
I yes weltring in his blood: what art thou? speak.

Eu. I shall not be, while I can let you know,
Without the help of charitable hands. *Gra. raises Eu.*

Gra. To your first succour, Sir, accept of mine.
So, so, gently rest hardly on me.
Why gaze you still with terrour round about?

Eu. Least my unhappy suffrings should betray
Your charity to the hands, by which I fell.

Gra. What were the Villains?

Eu. By their intension I should judg them thieves

Gra. Take courage sir, I have at hand more ayd,
If need require, which wait but on my Call.
Your wound, I do perceive, not mortall is,
Yet least your travell, and th' ensuing cold
Of Night should farther hazard it, I will
Conduct you to a holy man, resides
Not far from hence, whose Piety and skill
Shall to your succour certain safety bring.

Eu Your goodness sir, hath taught me to believe
The gods, as yet, have not abandon'd me.
Nor shall my gratitude be wanting to
Their Providence, or your humanity.

Gra. Mine, if successfull, hath his recompence.

Strain

Strain not your ſelf, but reſt upon my arm.

Eu. Heav'n many times to good doth turn our Harm. *Ex.*

Act IV. Scene 5.

Ludaſter.

Man in himſelf ſhould a new Nature form
To entertain himſelf without diſlike,
Or laſſitude: ſo many breaches hath
Our frailty to repair, no ſooner we
Step to ſupply the one, but ſuddenly
Another calls us to their ſuccour, leaving
The vain induſtry of man both fruitleſſe
And unſatisfied: ſuch is the burden
Of my anxious thoughts, which on their own
Reflection vainly toyle to raiſe their own
Perfection, whoſe incapacity
Reſiſts the Pow'r ev'n of Divinity:
And by converſion, in the paſſive ſenſe,
Doth ſeem to limmit that omnipotence.

Gratianus, Eumena Enter.

Gra. Whilſt there is change in things, though from the world
She hide her ſelf, vertue will be found out
To make her being uſefull unto others,
And in deſpite of her repugnant malice,
Fortune at length is forced to become
Her Miniſter: See here the Exemplar
Preſents it ſelf to yours.

Lu. How? wounded?
Your Stars good, ſir, too meanly have, I fear,
Directed you, thoſe tender years, I judge,
Will prove unapt to meet th' inconvenience
Of this ſterrile place: But if ſuch defects
May be ſupplyed by my Induſtry;
Expect an iſſue equall to your Hopes.

Eu. Goodneſs hath ſurely quite abandoned

The ſources of Civility. And now,
Retracting back to the Original
Of her firſt Reformation, hath forſook
The affluence of ſociety, in this
Wilde Deſart to take up her being.
Next under Heav'n, to your Humanities
I owe my ſecond being: may the Gods
Afford ſucceſs to lend me gratitude.

Lu. Exchange of words will but exaſperate
Your grief, which reſt perhaps may mitigate,
Conduct him gently in *They lead him in.*

Lu. Gra. *return after a little intermiſſion.*

Lu. So, *Gratianus*, the Remedy applyed
Twill not be now impertinent to ask,
What this youth is? or by what accident
Thus wounded?

Gra. More than the unaffected grace appears
In his demeanour, language and Aſpect,
As certain marks of his Nobility,
I nothing farther can inſtructed be;
As through the Foreſt hither I was bent,
I from the hands of theeves delivered him.

Lu. An action becoming well your vertue.

Gra. Yet ſeeks to be, made good in yours.

Lu. The gods propitious prove to both our works.
But what new change abroad? *Gratianus.*

Gra. Nuptials, ſir, which muſt ſolemniz'd be
In Funerals; the Fox this night is wed
To *Orgula* the Proud, and harbour takes
Where he, of late, hath made the Rape of all
Our Hopes, in our fair Soveraign. This I
Learnt of ſome ſcatter'd out-laws lately joyn'd
To our ſuſpended troups, who therein were
Unwitting'ly his Miniſters: if we
May certain evidence collect both from
The Time and Perſons.

Lu. Admit this true, which lies but in ſuſpect;

What

What thereon would you next conclude?
Gra. This night with ſome ſelected troops to ſearch.
Lu. The ground uncertain muſt be ſhaddowed
With ſome other pretence, that if this fail,
Yet your retrait may be thereby ſecur'd.
Gra. Tis well adviſ'd; our laſt Arriers ſhall be
The ſubſtitute: twill meet the Souldiers
Liking, and not unaptly fit the time.
Lu. The iſſue with each circumſtance make haſt
To let me know, we thereto faſhion may *Lu. embraces Gra.*
Our following purpoſes: Night haſtens on.
Farewell, the ſtaff of all my truſt; farewell.
Gra. May my endeavours meet your intereſts. *Ex.*
ſeverall wayes.

Act V. Scene 1.

Filathes.

You inverſt Eyes of Night,
Who on our eaſie Nature work our Fates,
Concur in your auſpitious Miniſtry;
To crown a flame,
As bright and laſting as your Eſſences;
Attract ſome vapour, that your light may be
Doubtfull to us, as your uncertainty.
Loves ſuperſtitious reverence hath ſeis'd
My heart: He prompts me to go on,
Yet interjects an Interdiction.
Styles violence t'him, what he enforceth to:
And wills me leave, what he enjoyns to do,
Enlighten thine own Myſteries, blinde Pow'r!
Force not, or force permit; if that thy Eye
Be onely placed in the phantaſie;
My fear and thy Reſtraint are void. This ſhade
Tranſlates me to the Image of her thoughts,
Where high conſent ſhall meet in equall Fires,

And

And when the guilty bluſhes of the Morn,
Haſten'd by hers, betray the fallacy,
Her prepoſſeſſed fancy will reflect,
Upon the firſt Impreſſion of delight,
Which will her raviſht ſenſes ſo ſuſpend,
They will not find or not diſlike th' Errour:
While ſtrugling Honour, finding not a Name
To ſtile the Act, is forced to aſſume
Thoſe Rites may yeeld it priviledge.
Confirm'd, I'le wait, when met; all ſtill become,
Nature contract all ſenſes into one. *withdraws, ex. Fi.*

Zizania ent.

Ziz. She's loſt to me, as I am to my ſelf.
What unform'd ſhaddows fancy works upon?
So buſily, as thence ſhe would create
New Eſſences without the Intellect. *Intermiſſion.*
Work on— Chance is a weak foundation—
Yet doth the light of Nature captivate,
And by co-herence of her links drags on
The worlds important Agitation:
While ev'ry new occurrent ſhe, but forms
Supplants the Fabrique of Reſolution,
And in a Minute ſcatters what Reaſon
Hath many Ages toiled to erect.
Chance paſt, ſince not ſought, not attaints my will:
Succeeding blames not, if the ſame fulfill.
Aſſenting Love ſayes force I can not ſuffer:
And paſſive Nature force I cannot act:
Without impulſion guilt is not in fact:
Yet if ſo far chance reach not, or their leave,
She others may, but ſhall not me deceive.
Hope is abandon'd: what chance hath begun,
I leave the ſequell by her to be done. *Ex. Ziz.*

Nefarius and a band of Villains.

Ne. Fate is our handmaid, th'are met neer to part.
As lightning, in your execution be
Swift and ſilent, 'tis double mercy thought,
Where Death implyes Neceſſity.

1.*Vil.* You need not ſtile it ſo to us, we ſhall.
Vertue's no motive in our Element:
Thoſe are the ſhadows of our ſafety ſir. *Vo. gives them mony*
Ne. In earneſt of your undertakings, hold.
Nay, tis all right; Mans better Angels. *Nefarius remains.*
Your purpoſe finiſht trebles your reward.
2.*Vil.* Soul-quickning action! think't already done.
Ne. Hah! *Ex. Vil. Shriking & noiſe within.*
If that this Organ can diſtinguiſh ſounds,
Thoſe voices it hath been familiar with
Th' Agents diſcharg'd; I have a private light
Shall yeeld me ſafe intelligence. *Villains re-ent.*
1.*Vil.* Their fates are ſpun, what is your pleaſure more?
Ne. At preſent nothing; hold take your rewards *gives more.*
And now diſperſe you to your ſeverall beings,
To morrow waite for new directions.
2.*Vil.* We are your Creatures. *Ex. Vil. Ne. withdraws a*
Ne. Now to my ſecond purpoſe. *while, after ſome inter-*
Nefarius re-ent. *miſſion returns*
Ne. New prodigies! maſſacre his children! *with a dark*
Nature is ſtarted forth her proper ſeat, *lantern in one*
For luſt and ambition to make way, *hand, a ring and*
To which Idols no Sacrifice is dear. *medall in the other.*
He yeelds to this, that ſhe might yeeld to that.
It muſt be ſo; a direfull Commerce 'tis.
I have way'd deep in miſchief: but till now,
Horrour could never make my hand to ſhake.
This Myſtery muſt ſtill be ſuch to me.
It is not ſafe to finde what Tyrants ſeek
To hide: Theſe unſuſpected Emblems ſhall
To the Event be ſilent Evidence.
Who in a Tyrants boſome would ſecurely reſt,
Muſt ſeem to know, but what he finds expreſt.

Act V. Scene 2.

A Banquet set with a soft kind of musick.

Fidelius, Mundolo, Enter.

Fidelius *seems struck with wonder after some intermission.*

A SONG

Repugnant Powers long have sway'd
My will, obscurely clos'd;
What Love design'd Honour gainsay'd,
What Honour, Love oppos'd.
Neither prevayling, now agree,
Love lies disarm'd;
And Honour charm'd
By his affected Cer'mony.

Wait all you Graces, happy How'rs!
To crown approaching joy;
And all your sense-refining Powers,
To fill delight, Imploy!
At once let each sense captive be,
Vicissitude
May not intrude
Envy to either's Ministry.

Fi. What means the flatt'ries of this gaudy Scene?
Mu. The charming preludes to a glorious Love.
Fi. My years reach not to the capacity,
Or to distinguish, or to relish them:
Mu. Our facile natures easily receive
The Elements of that Philosophy,
Which in our pleasure plac'd the chiefest good.
Fi. If grounded o'th sense: A false position,
The which another Sect abandons quite.
Mu. A rigid Tenent, nature would distort
From her first purity, her Functions
Making useless.

Fi. I queſtion neither, ſince neither approve;
But ſure I am, ſo high a ſubject can
Not ſettle on the baſe of an extream.
Mu. Nor doubt of that which is in evidence.
Let others ſearch for that, which you, enjoy.
Theſe Arguments admit no ſolœciſme *ſhews him the banquet*
To cheat the ſenſe. Their excellence perſwades
And ſatisfies: See here how ſplendid *Lux*
Hath rifled Natures Treaſury,
Not onely to reſtore, but to exalt
Her faculties; which when diſpenced, ſhall
Repleniſht, flow from inexhauſted Springs.
See, how th' induſtrious hand of wanton Art,
Contracted hath, in this ſmal Epitom,
The ſcatter'd peices o'th worlds perfections.
Theſe Virgin Spangles guild Nights ſable robe,
Whileſt from their Orbs we hear
Exclusive Harmony; not judging where.
Here Aromatique odours which perſpire
In their immortall Eſſences. If yet
Thy years extend to be Opinion ſick. *Shews him a Cabinet*
See, what beauty, uſe or difficulty *of jewels and gold.*
Hath made pretious in eſteem: Here find none,
If honoured not in yours, to whom they are
Preſented.
Yet on theſe trifles, why ſhould I inſiſt?
Since ſhe, to whom theſe glories hommage owe,
Is yours. She'fore whom their beauties vaniſh,
As things too mean to entertain the ſenſe.
She adds freſh luſtre to th' exalted Day,
The Object of all vows; of all deſires,
Who moves more ſprightly influence in her grace,
Than all thoſe Dames Antiquity recites
To have made captive the worlds Conquerors.
Yet ſhe, with equall ſpoils inveſted, is
Become your Captive, Sir, why ſuffer you
Thoſe your diſtracted looks to ſpeak repulſe
In trouble. Thoſe years and beauty promiſe

A more relenting Nature: To whose Rites,
If inclination will not yeeld: Be wise,
Comply, and to your fortunes minister.
Fi. Mine are already framed to my wish,
And find lesse agitation in their seat,
Though humble, shelter'd by anothers care,
Than if more high, erected by my own:
Nor can you Nature blame, she answers not
To what her immaturity withholds.
Mu Art hastens that we see in fruits and flowers:
Nor will this all-informing light of Love
Act less when you approach her Orb. Advise,
And be more flexible; let not your will
Transport your Reason to a stubornness.
If the enlargement of your Fate move not;
Yeeld to secure your present safety Sir, *Fi. starts*
Start not: I now speak but the resentments
Of another, not my own: yet figure
To your self the Rage of Love neglected,
High in Expectation, as desire,
Met in a Subject, high in her own esteem,
And others; whose power, for an offence,
Hath no bounds, but her will, to act vengeance.
Fi. Though high discourses in me cannot frame
A Resolution to remove my Fears,
The Office is supply'd by Innocence,
And I, immoved, must the issue wait.
Mu Nay, then I beat the ayre; and cast away,
That time grows ripe to hasten my own ruine—— *pause*
Mu. Awake dull temper! can'st thou only act
For others Interests, and not for thy own?— *pause*
Rise high you struggling spirits, and cast off
The servile badges of this suppresst mind,
Fear and respect, with this their Livery. *casts off his cloak*
I have let in a flame, wilde as the worlds
Embracement, when that proud Boy miscarried
In his Rule: And must pursue it, though it
Meet his Fate: Who falls in attempts are high, *Into Org. bed-*
Erects his Fame unto Eternity. *Ex. Mu.* *chamber.*
Fi. How

Fi. How ſtrange a labyrinth am I involved in!
So full of errour, Hope cannot figure
An Evaſion: Why ſport you ſo, you Pow'rs
That guide our Fates, with our Infirmities?
If they offend, it is enough that you
Abandon them, to work their puniſhment.
My being ſo inconſiderable is,
Imagination could not once ſuggeſt
So weighty a dependance, as might move
For preſervation; were it not engag'd
In his peculiar intereſts: who doth,
In his onely boſome, vertue preſerve
Alive in her unblemiſht purity.
May be, theſe new diſorders you produce,
By farther oppoſition, yet to make
This his admired life more glorious:
And ſhewing how far one mans ſtrength may reach,
From others all excuſes take away
Of humane frailty; Give me leave to ſay
Tis already at this height ſo penible,
The ſoon reputed will is eaſily
Induc'd to think 't paſt imitation:
Or if it yet want proof, 'tis in that part,
Might ſhew undoubted Moderation,
Not his Conſtancy. Afford it matter;
Raiſe him to that height of Felicity,
Wants onely durance but to equall yours;
Twill neither prove miſcogniſant to you;
To others inſupportable; nor yet
Unto Himſelf obnoxious. For this,
My prayers ſhall never want or fervency,
Or perſeverance to become ſucceſsfull.

Mundolo re-ent. unbutton'd in a looſe poſture.

Mu. In this circumference of our Lives, I ſee,
Extreams meet in one point; delight will force
A breach to let out life, as well as grief; *to himſelf*
In which ſwelling exceſſe, but now, I felt
My Soul ev'n floating o're theſe ſhallow banks.

Hah! 'tis with'n; hence fear; my Fate is full, *noise, looks behind*
Nor can it meet that change, shall force a wish *Mu. slinks be-*
Once to retract my being. *hinde the hanging, while* Org.
Orgula Ent. *enters in a night Robe, and dressing a-*
Or. Why slides my Love so silently away, *morously acco-*
As it were stealth but to exact his own? *sting Fid.*
Which offer'd is with so much Ardency,
As it enricht the greedy tenderer.
Why shifts those Scenes of Beauty in thy Face?
Unlesse to take with new variety:
Let no motion raise, or retract thy bood,
Unlesse it be the Passion of thy Love.
Why so much distance, where Loves mysteries *Fi. seems to*
Already frame an union? Let our souls *withdraw*
Meet in their faculties, as their Organs have *from her*
In theirs: Hang not thy head down like a flower
Drooping for a timely show'r. I'le transplant
Thee to my Breast from whence thou shalt assume
Fresh vigour: where thus my soule I'le effuse
To multiply thy spirits. *She offers to him, he falls on his knee*
Mu. His coldnes will betray me. *Mu. peeps.*
Fi. Madam, place not my error in my will,
But my Infirmity. *She raises him*
Or. Why kneelest thou to her, o're whom thou act'st
All Rights of Soveraignty. I farther will
Not hear thee in that unseemly posture.
Although thy undistinguisht Accents charm
Beyond the pow'rfull Notes of Harmony.
Fi. Your pleasure is my Priviledge, Madam,
Or. This disproportion still in our discourse *Fi. rises.*
Might well become Love in his Infancy;
But where his true maturity admits
Him to the full fruition of his Rights,
Ceremonies are then of us receiv'd
But as suspected Prefaces.
Fi. In me this title is litigious.

Or.

Or. Who then is the Competitor?
How pleasant 'tis to hear thee question that
Admits no Ambiguity.
Fi. Not in your own Opinion, Madam,
Or. And is not that enough to stile it just,
Confirm'd by my Election?
Fi. A fraile one 'tis, which will not hold the tryall.
Or. Thou art not so inconstant sure, art thou?
So soon to wipe out th' Image of our Loves.
Fi. I first must have capacity to receive it.
Or. Pr'y thee no more;
Thou'lt make me jealous of I know not what.
Fi. Ere to become a habit it have time, *Or. extends her hand.*
Lend me your hand to take away the Errour.
Yet first I must beg two requests of you,
Your Pardon and your privacy:
Or. This serious preparation doth o'recast
Delight: Yet thou of both mayst be assur'd.
Fi. Place your hand here it may distinguish that,
To which, perhaps your other senses would
Prove but suspected witnesses. *Opens his bosome.*
raises her hand and puts it into his bosome.
Or. Hah! thou hast a Viper in thy bosome,
Whose poyson hath already seis'd my heart,
And chang'd my former passion to a fury,
Which is let loose, by one solution more,
To make the face of Nature, but one Scene
For universall Tragedy.
Who enter'd hath, or from my lodgings came?
Fi. None but your servant, *Mundolo*, Madam. *starts*
Or. How! Fury chase fury, hasten to their doom;
Rage on it self preys, till to Action come. *Ex. Orgula.*
Mundolo, appears from behind the hanging.
Mu. Consuming lightning flashed from her Eye.
This Villain hath betray'd me sure; Come sir, *To him self.*
Reveale the subject of your Conference,
Or this sharp steel it from thy Bosome digs
Mundolo draws a dagger.

Fi.

Fi. How sir, you will not kill me, will you? *Fi distracted*
Mu. That is, as I shall finde your temper sir, *runs up and*
Or plyant, or inflexible: Nay! nay! *down seeking some pas-*
You rove in vain; here are no starting holes. *sage to escape.*
Be brief.
Fi. It can be no advantage unto you,
Since it concerns you not.
Mu. It matters not.
Her change assures me it must be of weight,
Speak, speak truth, and the whole truth, suddenly.
Or present tortures shall enforce thee to't.
Fi. Since in your satisfaction onely *Fi. hastily flings a*
My safeties plac'd; first give me leave to beg *purse of money*
Or purchase else thereto your privacy *to Mu. with a*
Mu. A fair inducement, you shall have your wish, *letter.*
Hah! a letter too. *Offers to catch it, but de-*
Fi. That was not my intention Sir, I pray *sists with much*
Restore it back, without your violence, *distraction.*
Or turn the fury thereof upon me.
Mu. Forbear, so hardy grown to tempt your ruin:
New subjects for higher undertakings. *reads to himself*
Success in ills gives ills encouragement.
Unto whose tempting height I must ascend,
Or give my envied fall a glorious end.
A noise clattering to break down the doores.
Hah! what strange alarum's this? new terrours?
Hell is broke loose, tis time to shun the fury. *Mu. flies.*
Mu. runs frighted away, and drops the letter, which Fi. gathers up.
Gratianus, Serverus, Libranus, and a band of Souldiers, with Torches in one hand, swords in the other.
Gra. Fidelius! what mak'st thou here? feare not:
I see a wilde distraction in thy looks:
What caus'd in thee this trouble?
Fi. Your presence sir, hath my delivery wrought.
Time must suspend civility awhile,
To lend you fuller resolution.
I've for my Master letters of Import;

But

Which have been intercepted in their course.
I must entreat of you, with speed to have
Safe conduct through the tumult of your Bands.
Gra. Thou shalt, thou pretty piece of diligence.
Thou shalt, be it your charge *Lybranus.* *Ex. Om. with fresh claimours.*

Act V. Scene 1.

Sinevero *in a Night-gown.*

How cold a damp benums my senses still,
As if I had engendred with the Night;
And thus forsaken of the living, were
Already numbered amongst the Dead.
Th' errour of her sense, in my distemper,
Might thus perhaps affright her from her rest.
What ho! who waits without there?
Nefarius.
Ne. My Lord!
Sin. It is your Lady I enquire for.
Ne. I of her being can yeeld no account,
But newly entered from finishing
Your Honours last commands.
Sin. And how,
Are all my fears asleep? *Nefarius.*
Ne. If they extended onely unto what
I had in charge: my Lord, I dare affirm
They are.
Sin. Thou art my better Angel, onely trust:
Yet joys are doubtful till they meet the sense.
Art thou assured of thy enterprise?
Ne. I am Sir. *Give him the ring and medal*
And brought these Reliques to remove your doubts.
Sin. What sudden noise is that, *noise*
Startles my bloud without intelligence?
Go learn the cause thereof, *Nefarius.* *Exit Ne.*

A table with pen, ink, and paper, and a watch is discovered. Looks o'th' watch, he sets down thereat.

'Tis twelve: The Politicians hour to consult
His Fate; and visit the obstructive springs
Retard her motion, — hah! What Object's this *Intermission.*
Curdles my blood in ev'ry shaking limb?
Mischief in me; ne'r horrour met till now.
These fatal tokens were the pledges of
Their tender Mothers latest Love, who them
Injoyn'd by vow from them, they ne're should be
Divided. ——
Some secret and all-seeing power there is,
With which my soul was ne're acquainted yet,
Speaks loud in this to wake the sense of ills.
How sensibly their justice strikes, when as
Th' offence thus ministers the punishment.
Let it suffice soft Nature, to resent *Seems*
The motions of our common frailty *to weep.*
Tender'd to thy Rites. Without insisting
By a wild revolt, to revive a light,
Custom hath travell'd so long to extinguish.
When as our misled purpose may perhaps
Question our safety yet; and call to act
A larger progress in our tragique Scene.

Clamour and noyse. Looks back into his Chamber.

This clam'rous noise approacheth nigher yet.
Hah! An armed tumult questing for prey.
The Object of their Fury, questionless,
I am! 'Tis so. Hence you glorious shadows,
Whose proper lusters only obvious make
Your own distinctions. Retire from your Orbs

Flings off a rich night-gown and cap. Finding Mu. *cloake and hat, musling himself seems to steal away.*

To lend your owner safety. Hah! This vail
Is happily encountered.

Orgula *her face full of fury and in her hand a poyniard.*

Org.

Org. Hah! Vaniſhing! Take that to ſtop your Courſe
And that, and that Org. *taking him for Mu. ſtabs him.*
Sin. Oh! Oh! 'Twas fatally directed. *he falls.*
Org. Sinev'ro's voice—hah! And his perſon too.
Shee unmuffles him.
Sin. Orgula! Why that ſteel? Ire in thine Eye
Had force enough to change my deſtiny. *Faintly ſpoken.*
Sin. *expires.* Org. *aſtoniſht, her eyes fixt, as diſtracted turns him.*
Gratianus *and his Troop ent.*
Gra. Who's this *Sinevero?*
And you Madam, the fatal Miniſter?
'Twas rudely handled for th' firſt encounter.
That juſt, though guilty Inſtrument, wreſt from
They go about to force it from her, and ſhe lets it go without any emotion.
Her hand—Immoveable—Her eyes are fixt—
Madam—Madam. *Looks on her. Puls her by*
Or. 'Tis poor—caſt in—of braſs— *the ſleeve.*
Or. *ſpeaks as if ſhe had reſtrained her breath beyond the uſual courſe.*
A Bull bellowing forth flames of fire— *Ser.* Madam.
No, No—Bound living to a ſtake whereon
Is fixt a vulture preying on his heart.
Ser. She is diſtracted ſure with the horrour
Of her own remorſe. How do you Madam. *Jogs her.*
Or. The ſtarting Sinues faſtned to a ſpring, Snap—
Which wound, wound, wound up to the height—Buz—
And ſhrivel into Knots. Ha ha ha ha. *She laughs.*
Gra. She's evidently madde.
Serverus, be ſhe your charge. Come Souldiers
The work is half advanced to our hands.
If that the ſequel but ſucceſful prove,
Your own wiſhes crown with deſert your love.
ex. om.

Act IV. Scene 4.

Eumena.

Surely in each exteriour Miniſtry
There is a ſecret Influence diffus'd
From the Intention firſt directed it,
According to which Agitation
Th' effect is wrought; it could elſe never be,
The hidden vertues, but of ſenſeleſſe things,
So ſuddenly ſhould meet their Attributes.
As my late griefe, aſſures my ſenſe, they have.
raiſing her arm hung in a ſcarff, ſhe caſts her eye thereon.
With what a tender care the good oldman
Breaks his own reſt t' officiate unto mine:
With ſo much fervency, as if thoſe Pow'rs
To whom he is devoted; onely judg'd,
Like faithleſs man, the will by the event.
His ſweet ſociety, and ſollitude
Would charm my mind to a ſecure neglect,
Had it Capacity but to receive
Their pow'rfull Impreſſions.
But my ſollicitous Paſſion will admit
No Object, but her own; or if it do,
Tis but as a predominant quality
All differing humours doth convert into
Their proper Aliment: oft it o're flows
To ſuch diſtemper, that my Pious hoſt
Seems to diſcover, in his ſuffering,
A civill notice of't, which flatters ſo
My ſenſe; I often prompted am to poure
The Reſt in his religious boſome.
And crave thereto his farther charity.
Which ſee, how vigilant o're my ſafety ſtill!
Ludaſter ent.
Lu. Too long emotion yet brings accident

By

By inflammation or debility.
Retire your ſelf, good Sir, to your repoſe;
On happy nature you too much preſume.
Eu. Unto your charity and skill her bounty
And my errour Sir, do their beings ow,
The one reſtor'd encouraged th' other.
Lu. I joy to finde ſuch ſymptoms of ſucceſs,
Which muſt be cheriſht in their Infancy,
Till time confirm their iſſues evident.
Beſides, excuſe o're buſie obſervation,
If it judge, this lonelineſſe may foment
Your mindes diſtemper to the prejudice
Of your recovery, be not abaſh't;
My rudeneſſe doth affirm I have diſclos'd.
What thoſe bluſhes aſſure they would have hid.
A reverent fear introſion ſhall reſtrain
From a more nigh diſtinction.
Eu. So indiſcreet a jealouſie, in me,
Might queſtion my integrity and yours,
The former I aſſure you, onely can
Be impeacht of Natures Infirmities,
Which preſume the latter hath convinc'd,
And challenge rather might the overture
Of mine, but for their ſafe direction.
Lu. Yours are not ſo remote from that inſtinct
Conducteth them in their firſt purity,
To want ſo fraile a Miniſtry as his,
Whoſe more corrupting years hath given o're
To the digreſſion of a froward will.
Eu. Which is to ſuch conformity reduc'd
By an induſtrious prudence, that in you,
Vertue is now become a proper Habit,
Which in our undiſcerning youth remains
A fleeting accident.
Lu. I rather will aſſume this vanity
The Errour to confute of your belief,
Then farther to extend this Argument
To the hazard of your preſent welfare,

By too much thus effusing of your spirits,
Which for their Restitution must exact
Your rest.

Eu. Of your judgement I've proofes too sensible,
To question your prescriptions. I obey. *ex. Eu.*
Ludaster *conducts* Eu. *in* Lu. *returns.*

Lu. So excellent a temper in a minde
So young, I have not found; nor yet oppresst
With so much Anxiety; which he endears
With so severe a privacy, as if
He on his trouble were enamored.
But time must be his better medicine.
Day waxeth old. Trouble hath seis'd my thought,
I've from *Gratianus* no intelligence:
I fear his unrestrainedcourage should
Too high tempt danger to his overthrow. *Fi. en.*
Fidelius! Welcome. *Embraces him.*
Sweet reconciler of distractions!
Of *Gratianus* hast thou nothing learn'd.

Fi. Let not th' inquiry of his safety Sr.
Leave yours in hazard with the circumstance.
He is secure. This lettr, Sr, ere this, *gives him a let.*
Should have been guided to your hand by me,
But my unhappy Starres have in my course
Made frustrate my Endeavours.

Lu. Thy safety shall excuse their opposition.

Fi. Nor judge the freedome you have us'd me to,
So insolent as to forerun your hand
In the unclosure, 'twas a violence
My life escaped narrowly.

Lu. What need'st thou plead thy innocence, as I
Had any secret were not safe in thee,
Or from thee would not learn, if yet unknown. *Returns*
Thy lips shall give it evidence; Read out. *the letter.*
Let. read by Fi. *according to the contents of the former only signed* Ambigamor.

Fi. Sr. Not to blemish with suspect your choice,
Nor so farre to presume as to intrude

My

My ſelf your Counſellor. Give duty leave
To move your caution in the enterpriſe.
Lu. 'Tis ſtrange. Nay, ev'n incredible.
Yet that hand ſign'd it yields it certainty.
Friend, is a powerful charm 'gainſt all diſtruſt,
What he adviſeth, that purſue I muſt.
Fi. Yet Sr. I muſt crave one requeſt of you,
Since yo' are reſolv'd the iſſue to attempt,
This maſque of your diſguiſe you would retain;
And ſuffer me but to become your ſcout,
While you at diſtance follow, that thereby
If treachery intended be, you may
Secure your perſon.
Lu. Thy Love is Zealous of my ſafety ſtill.
Be it my guide. Who ſteereth by ſuch light
Shall find no errour ith' obſcureſt night. *ex. Lu. Fi. Eu.*
Eu. If my ſenſe well diſtinguiſh, I o're heard *re-ent.*
Them name the Princeſs. I'le follow unſeen:
That I my ſelf my own affairs may know.
Who's loſt t' her ſelf needs fear no overthrow. *ex. Eu.*

Act 5. Scene 5.

Ambigamor ent.

This is th' appointed place, and this the Hour. *Groaning heard within.*
What doleful groan lends horror to a night
Whoſe flatt'ring calmneſs but inviteth love.
Again, 't will ſcarce be charity to wa't *Groaning again.*
Another Summon; yet ſtay Her Order *Draws his ſword*
Wills us firſt our ſelves ſecure. 'Tis this way
The voice directeth —— *Intermiſſion.*
Withdrawing a while returns drawing as it were to the light, the body of Zanias.
Thou glorious Planet lends luſtre to the reſt!
Revert th' expanſion of thy beams awhile;
Senſe may diſtinguiſh what but ſenſe ſuſpends.

The

The inarticulate accents of these groans
Awake a terrour without evidence.
What art thou? speak, or who this fact hath wrought?
Ziz. Oh! *Ludaster!* *In a languishing tone.*
Kneeling on his knee bends her forward in raising her.
Am. *Zizania*! confirm my sense again,
My tortur'd soul may with thee take her flight.
Speak yet again; art thou *Zizania*,
My lov'd *Zizania*?
Ziz. *Zizania*
raiseth himself desperatedly.
Am. That very sound's enough t' extinguish life,
By preying on my languishing spirits,
Had love a temper to spin out my Fate.
Why trifle I with passion to unman
My self; and let shame with distraction play.
Resolution is but cheated by delay—— *Offers to kill himself.*
Hold—— *pause.*
Due Rights must first be tender'd to her Ghost, *Puts up his*
Whom I shall fear to meet yet unreveng'd. *sword and kneels*
Pardon! thou Innocent Object of my vows, *to raise and bow*
If I disturb thy rest, yet once again, *her as before.*
To lend direction to just sacrifice,
My Honour, Love, and Vows have me engaged,
To offer to thy horrid sufferings.
Speak, and declare the barbrous instrument.
Ziz. Oh! *Bends her and chafes her temples.*
Am. Lend so much vigour to her spirits yet,
You higher Powers! as may mark out your justice.
Speak, oh speak.
Who wast that wrought this bloody cruelty?
Ziz. Oh— *Ludaster*!
Am. Forbid it Heav'n! and be my safer guide!
Confirm't again; who was thy Murderer?
Speak!
Ziz Oh! *Ludaster.*
Am. Why mock you thus our frailty with a Name
Would charme a dying Testimony?

Yet

Yet lend it but the next aſſertion,
And I purſue the tenor of my vows
Without a ſcruple to relation.
Speak who thus hath ſpilt thy guiltleſs blood, ſpeak.
Ziz. Oh! *Ludaſter.* *Straining her forward.*
Am. Enough, farewell my ſouls delight! my ſtay
Shall make our meeting more agreeable, *Kiſſes her.*
And thou Religious union of my ſoul,
Like a declining ſhadow vaniſh hence;
Nor leave behind the leaſt Impreſſion,
Since that light is extinguiſht formed thee.
Mundolo ent. muſled. *Spying Mu. withdraws.*
Hah! more ſpies abroad ſtill roving; I muſt
Obſcure my ſelf for new diſcoveries.
Mu. Precipitate thy courſe dull Night! take on
Thy deepeſt tinctures: Such, as when with ſpels
The Canting Hagg frights nature from her ſeat
To maſque the tracts of Miſchief and confound
The world in errour. oh! how much ſhould ow
Th' inferiour Kingdome to thy Miniſtry.
Were fear but an Authentike Evidence
To truth. The worlds Philoſophy ſtiles Ill,
What they would ſhun to ſuffer, not what they
Shun to act: Which practice makes good, where they
Are no relatives. Oh! th' abuſive world!
Whoſe well known Myſteries inſtruct my ſenſe,
That ills are none which want their Evidence.
Fancy works high o'th Object of delight,
Yet let not joy elate the ſpirits; leaſt
Thus rarified, they ſhould effuſe themſelves
Before they reach to Action. Hah! who's this?
Fidelius ent.
If doubtful light may yeeld a Certainty,
This is the Stripling that eſcap'd my fur',
Whoſe boſom only can diſcloſe the deed
I have already done; or yet pervert
What I intend to act; this both ſecures. *ſtabs him.*
Fi. Oh! oh! cruell villain! *Falls to the ground.*

Ludaſter ent.

Wounds Mu. *who falls being hurt in the arm, the dagger drops from him.*

Lu. So ſwift be juſtice in thy puniſhment,
And in the progreſs laſting, till it meet
A meaſure equal unto th' deſect.
Hadſt thou of man ſo little left in thee,
To violate ſuch tender innocence.
Speak, what art thou? or why this miſchief wrought?
Is inſolence ſwell'd up to ſtubbornneſs
In thy mouth, and daring in thine eyes? Speak.
That little life thou haſt ſhall be reſerv'd, *binds and*
To make exemplar farther ſufferings.— *ties him to*
Now my *Fidelius* what hopes of ſafety? *a tree with his*
Fi. Little where yours is yet in hazard Sr. *girdle.*
Lu. 'Tis but the figure of thy jealouſie. *kneels & rai-*
Fi. Withdraw good Sr, and timely yet provide *ſes Fi.*
For your ſecurity.
Lu. Thou would'ſt not have me yet more infamous?
Thus to involve thee in an accident,
Speaks nothing louder than my own diſhonour,
And to abandon thee in this extream.
Fi. Your preſence Sr, may prejudice your being
Mine not ſuppo.t; paſt the capacity
Of ſuccour.
Lu. Heav'n is more gracious to my miſery.
Nor let the fear of me ſuggeſt thy ills
To be more great than thou conceiveſt them.
Humanity enjoynes us ne're to leave
The means ſo long as there is motive to't.
Try if thy ſtrength will ſuffer thee to be
Tranſported. So, gently. *raiſes him.*
Fi. Oh! I faint;
My ſoul is ſliding from her manſion.
Sets him gently on the earth again.
Reſtore me to the earth: Thither I muſt,
Our frail Original: where ſet, I may
Spin out but ſo much breath as may remove

Dou'

Doubt and dishonour from my memory.—— *pause.*
Will you remember me when I am dead?
Lu. Else must forget my self.
Fi. 'Twere needful thereto that you knew me first.
Lu. Know thee! why so I do. I know thou art
Fidelius. My faithful lov'd *Fidelius.*
Fi. I would not rob you of his memory,
Who gave me access to your knowledge Sr,
Yet pardon me if I must say you erre.
Lu. Erre! in what my sweet *Fidelius*?
Fi. When you affirm me him you name.
Lu. Why, art thou not?
Fi. No.
Although our souls had but one motion,
Our bodies still held their distinction
He died when he departed from you sick;
With so much passion to your vertue Sr,
That I became transported with th' admir'd
Idea, and took the advantage which
Nature had lent me in similitude,
I might succeed to his relation.
Yet with a flame so pure did never reach
To the distinction of my hidden Sex;
Which was the only difference made us known
Unto the womb that bore us.
Lu. Wonder hath captiv'd ev'ry faculty,
To the detention of their offices;
And but suspends a grief will soon orflow
Her shallow Continent, to pay the Rights
To double Interests: Yet say how must
They be distinguished.
Fi Fidelia, twin'd sister to *Fidelius.*
Lu. As if nature had but one only frame
And Constellation, to produce so rare
And exact a moddell.
Fi. Oh!
Lu. Courage! thou miracle of Nature.
Fi. Oh! the cloud of death hangs o're my senses,

And steals away my Spirits; yet I dy
Content, in the belief I have receiv'd
The fatal stroak directed unto you.
Lend me your hand thereon my vows to seal.
Be all united here, which man calls weal.

Kissing his hand and languishingly uttering his last words dies.

Lu. They are divorc'd, fairwell the lovelieſt pair,
That ever made one happy union! *Kisses her cheek.*
Accept this offering to your vertuous loves *weeps.*
Though too too mean,
Yet strugling nature here could force them forth
The tainted source of proper intereſt.

Ambigamor discovers.

Amb. If yet in thy exterior part thou haſt
Thy ſelf but truly figur'd unto me,
That habit and this place ſpeak thee *Ludaſter.*

Lu. Ambigamor!
Thou welcome balſome to my wounded ſoul!
Open thine Arms that I may ſlide into
Thy boſom, where mutual imbraces may
Tranſlate our Members to an union.

Lu. running to imbrace him, Amb. puts him by with his hand.

Amb. Forbear.

Lu. What new diſorder hath diſguis'd thy love
In this ſullen Auſterity?

Amb. Such as that name of Friend thus caſteth off,
Like a deſpiſed triſle, and bids the *Waves his hand*
To be ſuch unto thy proper ſafety. *& draws his ſword.*

Lu. How ſtrangely art thou wandred from thy ſelf!
Collect thy thoughts to a becoming temper. *ſtands amaz'd.*

Amb. Play not with Rage. Be ſudden in defence,
I eaſt my diſtraction this proceeding judge
More grace than thy guilt deſerves.

Lu. Let me firſt know the nature of my crime?

Amb. Perſevere not herein. Ask me not why.
Who knows ills t' act, knows how them to deny.

Lu.

Lu. I ſhall ſuſpect the Baſe whereon I rais'd
That holy Title keeps my hand in Aw;
If thou inſiſteſt thus.
Amb. No more thoſe vain illuſions, Draw.
Lu. I will not, do thy worſt, ſince thy folly
Hath caſt away the laſt thing I held dear:
Chance hath left nought for chance to work upon.
Amb. Tempt not thy Ruine, from which this hand re-
But to take off the blemiſh of the manner. ſtrains,
Lu. Hold! *Caſts off his diſguiſe.*
Perhaps the cloud of this diſguiſe reſiſts
The influence of our Amity. Vainly
He's hid from others, to himſelf is loſt.
Doth thy wild ſence perceive thy errour yet?
Amb. Thoſe were the maſques but to conceal thine own.
Draw, or the lightning is not ſwifter than
My execution.
Lu. Hold!
I to my ſelf may prove an Homicide:
Who doth betray his being by neglect,
Is guilty of his own deſtruction.
What Nature firſt commands, ſee, I obey, *Draws his*
What friendſhip, though contemned, thus I may. *ſword.*
Letting the point of his ſword fall on the ground.
breaks off the point with his foot.
Amb. A handſome flouriſh, but I muſt not vie,
Revenge is not reſtrain'd by Gallantrie.
They fight. *Lu. only defends himſelf.*
Eumena ent.
Lu. Oh! thou haſt thy will, he's but half guarded
I ſee, ſtands only on his own defence.
Eu Hold, I enjoyn by your Allegiance, hold.
By all thoſe ties are ſtricteſt to your ſoul,
If there reſt any unattainted yet *to Amb.*
In this your violence.
Amb. It is the Princeſs voice.
Eu. And ſuch her perſon, though misfortune hath
Transfigur'd it in ſhew as it hath you

In truth.
Sharper Rebukes I ſhould inſiſt upon;
But that my love ſuſpends my Ire awhile,
Nor ſhameth it my frailty to aſſume
That Attribute, which may a mind indue
Without diſtemper, by ſuch object form'd:
Why ſhifts thoſe ſecret ſignals of thy thoughts *to Lu.*
So oft their Scenes, as they gave place to trouble?
Lu. To find a ruder Sov'raign intercept
The Rights I ow to that fair Majeſty
By his untimely tribute.
Eu. Speak not my fears in myſtery. What hurt?
Mine eye may find the proof without reply.
Approaches him as 'twere to ſearch. Takes of her ſcarff to bind his wound, and cloſes it with her handkerchif.
Unhappy conducts of our deſtinies!
Why mock you thus our frailty. Whom I ſought
You led me to by errour. Whom I had
By errour you took from me. Whom I find,
By errour unrepar'd, is to me loſt
For ever. Oh! Erring Miniſtry!
O're which you prudent Powers that preſide!
Inſtruct our incapacities, and ſhew,
Why you from man exact ought in his own
Direction; ſince thus ſubordinate
Unto Others Rule, thoſe faculties
Intangle in their Exerciſe, wanting
Of the Superiour Clear Intelligence.
How find you Nature yet diſpos'd in you?
Lu leaning on his ſword ſhe ſupports him on t'other ſide.
Lu. Like to an Artificial fire to Heav'n
Aſpires, whoſe frail compoſure being unapt
Thereto; by his own violence conſum'd,
Toucheth his height, and drops to Earth again:
Such is the active and aſpiring flame
Your Grace, and Graces have inſpir'd in me,
Which meeting in a Subject farre too mean
To reach ſo full proportion of Felicity,

Falls

Falls from't at Diſtance through his own defects.
Eu. The wide worlds fleeting Glories are too mean
Dignities but to inſtile thy Attributes,
And her vaſt Theater a receptacle
Too narrow to preſent the Action
Of thy Immortal vertues, whoſe only light
If rightly plac'd might free her courſe from Errour.
Lu. Your happy fortunes, and more Glorious Life
Will certainly make good all theſe in yours:
While mine reſts doubtful in Opinion.
Eu You Powers! of whoſe moſt Glorious Eſſences
Theſe fair Ideas we admire, are thought,
But the imperfect ſhadows! if not for ours
For your own Intereſts. If we you concern,
Reſtore your Beauties faireſt Continent,
Leaſt ſhallow man too ſuddenly conclude
You have your proper cauſe abandoned.
O elſe inform us, why vertue y' have rais'd
To vertues overthrow. Th's valiant hand
Had power and cauſe ſufficient to purſue
Their Ruine, who his ſhamefully procur'd.
Unhappy wretch! How art thou loſt in ſhame! *turns*
If not Remorſe, let Pitty ſpeak thee Man, *to Ambig.*
And lend thy hand, if yet in time it may, *they raiſe him*
To ſtop the nature of thy threatning guilt. *& ſet him up.*

Gratianus, Liberanus, Serverus, *and other Souldiers with* Nefarius *bound.*

Gra. Is th's the Scene unmaſques your Miſchief? ſpeak,
Or farther torture ſhall enforce you to't.
Ne. Of what I acted, I confeſs, it was;
And by o're heard remorſe; I judge there might
Be ſome miſtake i' th' Execution;
But know not whether extended to theſe.
Gra. The circumſtance is evidence enough.
What new diſorder's here? Hah! Blood and Tears!

Eu. *ſeems weeping over* Lu. *ſet in a chare.*

Lu. *Gratianus*, thy only ſtay retarded hath my flight,
Receive my thanks for thy ſo faithfull love,

Wh'ch

Which if my will have force to guid it ſtill,
As thy approved faith aſſures it hath,
Let me tranſact it unto her ſuppo[illegible]
May make it glorious and fruitful to thee.
Seal your engagement on the Princeſs hand.

Lu. takes the Prin. hand and extends it to Gra. who kiſſes it.

Gra. Hah! the Princeſs! my Duty Sr,
And your command meet equally in this.

Lu. Oh! fairwell to both, we muſt divide.
Take the ſupreameſt tender of my Love.— *Intermiſſion.*

Extending his arm to imbrace them, dies.

Eu. *thereon ſinks down and expires.*

Gra. *catches her in his arms and there holds her awhile till others come to help him.*

Gra. Madam! how do you? help, your ſuccour friends,—
Her eyes are fix'd, her breath already loſt.
Strange miſeries that ſtop their ſenſe with wonder!
I hope you can unty theſe Riddles Sr.

Amb. In part I can. The Princeſs death hath pay'd
Her ſecret witneſs to *Ludaſters* Love.
And his to mine.

Gra. The latter words will ask a Comment Sr.

Amb. I kill'd him to revenge my Love.

Gra. Be yet more plain e're I ſeal up thy laſt *draws*
Intelligence, to whom? or how? *his ſword.*

Amb. To my belov'd *Zizania* murthered
By him, and unto me confirmed by
Her dying Accents.

Gra. As yet, I cannot pitty thee enough *puts up his*
To kill thee: But here is one ſhall do it *ſword again.*
With crueltie, if in thee yet be left
But ſo much Reaſon to diſtinguiſh guilt.
Speak Sirrah, was't not you and your Agents
That wrought this miſchief on her, and her Brother?
Ne. It is confeſt already. *to Amb.*

Gra. Nay! let not ſilent trouble ſpeak your doubt;
His Evidence is valuable, it coſts *Amb. ſtands confuſed.*

Him

Him, Sr, his Life. This is more shameful yet. *Amb. offers to*
The nature of your crime will first require *kill himself*
A larger time for penitence. Be he *but is disarmed.*
Your Charge *Librarius*. Hah! more spectacles
Of Horror yet, who is't, *Fidelius*! *spies Fi.*
Grief will not yield a truce unto the sense
To ease it self in the effusion.
Search yet about there are more Actors yet, *discovers Mu.*
A Villain in his perfect character!
Unloose him, and to torture presently,
Untill he makes a true discovery.

Mun. You shall not need, I love my crimes too well,
Not to revive their Memory, and scorn
Your punishmens too much, once to disguise
Their Natures in the Circumstance.

Gra. Guilt hath attain'd the height where it assumes
A Glory from the execution.

Pulls his hat sadly over his eyes, and marcheth out with the bodies.

Which we will hear, when pious Rites are done:
Grief speaks there loudest, where the Mourner's dumb.

FINIS.

ERRATA,

Epistle Dedicatory p. 3. *l.* 7. *r.* capacities, *Epist. dedic. p.* 4. *l.* 9. *r.* declareth, *p. ibid. l.* 19. *r.* retain, *p. ibid. l.* 28. *r.* Narrative, *Epist. dedic. p.* 5. *l.* 24. *r.* his. *Page* 14. *l.* 6. *r.* our, *p. ibid. l.* 12. *r.* t'have, *p.* 21. *l.* 8. *r.* possesse, *p.* 27. *l.* 15. *r.* Sin, *p.* 30. *l.* 4. *r. En. p.* 70. *l.* 30. *r.* kisse him, *p.* 77. *l.* 22. *r.* which I.